Psychological Development of Expression

Oratory

MARY A. BLOOD, A.M.
IDA MOREY RILEY, O.M.

Chas. S. Morris,

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THE

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION

A COMPILATION OF SELECTIONS FOR USE IN THE STUDY OF EXPRESSION

BY

MARY A. BLOOD, A. M. AND IDA MOREY RILEY

FOUNDERS OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY, CHICAGO

IN FOUR VOLUMES

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TO THE

STUDENTS AND FRIENDS

OF THE

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY,

WHOSE APPRECIATION, HELPFULNESS AND LOYALTY

HAVE MADE THE SCHOOL A SUCCESS,

THESE VOLUMES ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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Grateful acknowledgment is here made to Miss Bertha Martin, Teacher of Oratory in the Columbia School of Oratory, for her invaluable assistance in selecting and abridging these orations, and for the points she furnished the writer of this introduction from the rich store-house of her experience.

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PREFACE TO VOL. IV.

The central purpose of the many collections of oratory now before the public is the study of the oration from the rhetorical, literary or historical point of view. The sole purpose of this collection is the development of personal power in public speaking. In this it is unique.

There are numbers of volumes made up of fragments of orations and others of wholes. But the fragments do not serve the purpose because they were not chosen by experienced teachers of oratory solely for oratorical development. While the wholes lead the student through long introductory, explanatory, transitional or directive sections — great deserts of thought, with no springs of feeling to rouse him.

The volume adapted to the development of personal power in public speech must be full of rich, brilliant, dramatic, sustained, fiery, commanding, or explosive passages. It must contain the maximum of impassioned utterance and the minimum of commonplace matter that runs along on an emotional dead level. Such a collection is the present one.

This method of using only the cream needs no defense before the live teacher who has struggled to arouse a class in oratory to express feelingly and vigorously. He will welcome a set of speeches that go straight to the point and make that point blaze until it occupies space. He knows that with all the aid to be gotten from the most fervent and powerful speakers in their most impassioned utterances his greatest difficulty in teaching oratory is yet to arouse in the

student a sufficient volume of feeling to enable him to make others feel.

In compiling this collection, experienced teachers of oratory have spent much time searching for those orations of all time, that would most readily lend themselves to development in delivery. Each oration has been tested in the class-room. As one proved of small value it was cast aside, even though it ranked as the author's masterpiece. For example, Burke's "Impeachment of Warren Hastings" was rejected in favor of "On the French Revolution," although the latter is not so great. Experience proved that the "French Revolution" secured better results through its fine mental images and its dramatic nature than the "Impeachment," hence the change was made. The abridging has been guided by the same class-room experience.

Some, we know, would have advised that the compilation be made entirely from the works of modern or even recent orators. We grant that more rapid immediate results can be gained through recent oratory; that it is easier for the student to conceive the occasion and the thought, and experience the emotions and purposes; we grant that the teacher finds the recent oratory more easy to teach. But our experience proves that the results are not so great. The old orations have a sweep and sublimity that bring a degree of volume and weight into the rendering which can not be developed through recent oratory. While the pupil gains, through entering into widely varying occasions of all times, a breadth of vision and a versatility that can not be secured from the oratory of any one period.

The selections from the religious orators were chosen because of the great results to be gained through them. No selections have been so useful in cultivating poise and

dignity in the delivery of nervous pupils, while many who can not easily conceive the patriotic can conceive the religious.

The abridging has, in most cases, made it impossible to follow the paragraphing of the author, besides the purpose has been to cut the work into sections of convenient length for class memorizing.

M. A. B.
I. M. R.

TO THE STUDENT.

The young man or woman who desires to become a fluent, happy or powerful public speaker should avoid making two very common mistakes. First, in thinking that to become a successful public speaker one should do entirely original work. Second, in thinking that to become an orator one must study and deliver orations only.

There is no desire to detract from the value of preparatory original work. Much of this must be done. The student should deliver toasts, extemporaneous speeches, addresses and orations, not merely as class exercises, but he should seek opportunities to speak in the real occasions of life outside the class-room. But to depend upon this for the development of the full measure of his oratorical power is like trying to master the piano "by ear" with no attention to technique. In original work the speaker goes on intensifying his own defects. The style of his composition limits his style of delivery. His thoughts are not yet great. His emotions and purposes not yet lofty and weighty, and there is nothing in them, as yet, to produce the beauty, variety and power of oratorical form, that can be gained from expressing the thoughts and experiencing the emotions and motives of the greatest minds of the world.

Thoughts, emotions and volitions form the content of oratory, and they tend to create a form of delivery of like variety, beauty, breadth and depth as themselves. While a style of delivery which is one-sided, narrow, ugly, stiff or cold, cramps the content.

Nor should the pupil make the second mistake of working only on oratory. There are "short cuts" to the qualities desired in the public speaker through other forms of literature. Poetry brings tone-color and music. Description brings transparency, that quality which allows the mental image to shine through voice and face, while impersonation brings flexibility, variety and picturesqueness.

The orator, exponent of the greatest, highest type of vocal art, has need of all the powers and possibilities of human expression. There is no attribute of the greatest mind or most perfect agents of expression that he can not use. He should be able to paint a vivid picture in vocal colors, to tell a good story, to act a part, to reason, to convince, to persuade; and there is no means of accomplishing these ends so effective as the true rendition of the best examples of all the different forms of literature. It is just this lack of training that causes the monotony in so much of our pulpit and platform oratory to-day.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION.

Expression has to do with the whole man. In this art thoughts, emotions and purposes form the content, while the body and voice present the form.

A noble body and a beautiful voice can only express what the mind can comprehend and feel. If the mind is not capable of the highest thought and deepest feeling there can not be sufficient stimulus to arouse the muscles of voice and gesture in a manner to express the highest and deepest.

Then, in order that the student may reach his greatest possibilities in expression, besides having the voice and body cultivated to the highest perfection, he must have the mind enriched in all its departments and strengthened in all its processes. While it is true that all mental culture contributes to success in this highest of the arts, it is also true that a special kind of mental training is necessary for expression.

It is the purpose of these volumes to outline one method of training the adult mind for expression and to furnish such literature as it is thought will best aid in this development. In the arrangement of steps it has been deemed expedient to follow the order of mental development in the child which is identical with the order of stimulation in any given expression of the adult; to work for the development of the intellect, the emotions, and the will respectively. To develop each of these successively in their simpler and earlier

manifestations, using corresponding literature, is the work outlined for the first volume.

It should be explained at this point that because there is such a dearth of animated expression, and because this quality is one of the most valuable and effective, one step in the four of each volume has been devoted to intensifying the expression. No new mental requirement is made, but by the aid of strong and inspiring literature, the student is so aroused that his body will respond adequately to his thought.

It is not possible in the space of the present series to furnish material for the systematic cultivation of every phase of the triple mental nature, nor would there be time in the course of study, were there necessity for their development, but place has been given to literature in which the most important of the states of consciousness predominate.

The peerless art of oratory requires the consecration of our highest faculties — its possibilities have never been realized and never will be realized until man's limitations are removed and he stands free. The ideal speaker will never appear until we see the intellect of a Socrates, the feeling of a Beecher and the will of a Napoleon, controlling as by an electrical touch the voice of a Mario and the body of an Apollo, for the accomplishment of purposes that are Christlike.

The compilers of these volumes are greatly indebted to Dr. C. W. Emerson, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, for first leading them to see the psychological side of expression and for the idea of arranging the work in progressive steps. They are further indebted to him for an example of the inspired teacher and eloquent orator.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. IV.

The literature of Vol. IV being oratory, the highest form of spoken or written expression, must, of necessity, exercise the mind upon a higher plane than does that of the preceding volumes.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT — SUGGESTED THOUGHT.

The student, whether he has followed the present system to this point or not, has many times spoken suggestively, but the cultivation of this power is now the order of business. In all great literature, and especially in oratory, the thought is so deep, complex, massive, or many-sided, that our limited, bungling language is powerless to express it all. The speaker's word must supplement the author's. He must conceive the implied as well as the expressed thought, must form a triple alliance between written language, voice and bodily expression, and through this combination endeavor to bring to the hearers all the expressed or implied thought that he can comprehend.

The student should, if possible, read the whole oration from which the given selection is taken. He should go so deeply into the history of the occasion, that he has a dramatic picture of it. His ideals of the rendering of a given oration will, many times, be elevated by studying the style of its author. Sears' History of Oratory is recommended for this.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION — MORAL.

True emotional effects, always so difficult to secure, become doubly so when the feeling is so far above and beyond the life experiences of the pupil as are the lofty emotions of the great orators. But once the student has, through his imagination, experienced these emotions even in a measure, he is forever greater in his power of emotional expression, and whoever becomes a master of emotion in speaking has acquired one of the greatest elements of eloquence.

CHAPTER III.

WILL — INFLUENCING TO ACTION.

In this more than in any preceding chapter the student stands in the place of the orator and the class before him are his audience whom he must move to action. Through study the student should become so familiar with the situation and conditions that he can be actuated by the orator's purpose, thrilled by his hopes and fired by his ambitions. The student who can thus respond to the work of his imagination will never lack for animation, sweep and momentum when he desires to use his oratory in the actual experiences of life.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE — VIGOR.

Pupils little realize how much of an orator's power is physical—is due to responsive nerve centers. Other things being equal the ratio of stimulus received by the voice and the body through the responding nerve centers marks the degree of the speaker's power over his audience.

In view of this, one step in each of these volumes has been devoted to the increasing of this response.

The pupil will be richly repaid for any time and pains spent in training his nerve centers to respond quickly and adequately to his thoughts and feelings.

It may be added that a careful distinction should be made between true response and what is familiarly known as rant.

SCHEME OF THE FOUR VOLUMES OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION.

Volume.	Chapter.	Headings of the Chapters.	Desired Action of the Student's Mind.	Desired Effect upon Student's Rendering.
Volume I.	1	Intellect — Thought Conception.	The seeing of images while speaking.	Expression as distinct from statement of fact.
	2	Emotion — Egoistic.	Experiencing emotion while speaking.	Emotional quality. Naturalness.
	3	Will — Directness.	Purposing to communicate the message to his audience.	Comparative directness. Simple colloquial form.
	4	Physique — Animation.	(All the previous actions intensified through physical stimulus.)	Animation. Stronger effects, vocal and physical.
Volume II.	1	Intellect — Vividness.	Imaging more vividly and more in detail.	Intellectual quality and Reality.
	2	Emotion — Altruistic.	Sympathizing.	Sympathetic quality. Greater richness of voice.
	3	Will — Commanding Attention.	Purposing to command the attention of the audience.	Improved articulation and the addition of the personal element.
	4	Physique — Vigor.	(The effect of the three previous chapters heightened.)	Greater intensity of expression.
	1	Intellect — Relative Thought Values.	Comprehension of thoughts as wholes, of the relation of their parts to each other, and to the whole.	Light and shade. Certainty.

Volume III.	2	Emotion — Æsthetic.	Realizing the beautiful, especially of the commonplace.	Increased beauty of form. Resonance of voice and tone color.
	3	Will — Purpose.	Realizing and fulfilling the author's purpose while rendering.	Coherence, steadiness and momentum.
	4	Physique — Psycho-Physical Response.	(Increased alertness of all the faculties employed.)	Greater expressiveness of body and consequently of voice.
Volume IV.	1	Intellect — Suggested Thought.	Comprehending expressed and *implied* thought.	Suggestiveness.
	2	Emotion — Moral.	Experiencing lofty heights of emotion.	Atmosphere.
	3	Will — Influencing to Action.	Purposing to move the audience to act.	Momentum, brilliancy, power.
	4	Physique — Fervor.	Experiencing fervent feeling.	Radiation through body and voice.

Though making the three departments of mind with their functions — intellective, emotional and volitional — the basis of the scheme of these volumes, the compilers are not committed to the old psychology which pigeon-holed the mind into its separate faculties. But the most radical believer in the "stream of consciousness" theory, etc., must yet admit that we have literature which tends toward the intellectual quality, the emotional quality, and the purposeful quality, and that true rendering must contain the same qualities. This triple division of mind is certainly a very convenient classification for the teacher of expression.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—SUGGESTED THOUGHT—VOLUME.

THE HEROISM OF THE UNKNOWN.

1. Thirty years ago to-day, these peaceful scenes were echoing with the roar and din of what a calm and unimpassioned historian, writing of it long years afterward, described as the "greatest battle-field of the New World." Thirty years ago to-day the hearts of some thirty millions of people turned to this spot with various but eager emotions, and watched here the crash of two armies which gathered in their vast embrace the flower of a great people. Never, declared the seasoned soldiers who listened to the roar of the enemy's artillery, had they heard anything that was comparable with it. Now and then it paused, as though the very throats of the mighty guns were tired; but only for a little. Not for one day, nor for two, but for three, raged the awful conflict, while the Republic gave its best life to redeem its honor, and the stain of all previous blundering and faltering was washed white forever with the blood of its patriots and martyrs.

2. How far away it all seems, as we stand here to-day! How profound the contrast between those hours and days of bloodshed and the still serenity of

From Bishop Potter's oration on "Heroism of the Unknown," as published in "The Scholar and the State," by permission of the Century Co.

nature as it greets us now! The graves that cluster around us here, the peaceful resting-places of a nation's heroes, are green and fair; and, within them, they who fell here, after life's fierce and fitful fever, are sleeping well.

3. In their honor we come here, my brothers, to consecrate this monumental shaft. What, now, is that one feature in this occasion which lends to it its supreme and most pathetic interest? There are other monuments in this city of a nation's dead, distinguished as these graves that lie about us here can never be. There are the tombs and memorials of heroes whose names are blazoned upon them, and whose kindred and friends, as they have stood round them, have repeopled this scene with their vanished forms, have recalled their lineaments, have recited their deeds, and have stood in tender homage around forms which were once to them a living joy and presence. But for us to-day there is no such privilege, no such tender individuality of grief. These are our unknown dead.

4. And so, as we come here to-day and plant this column, consecrating it to its enduring dignity and honor as the memorial of our unknown dead, we are doing, as I cannot but think, the fittest possible deed that we could do. These unknown that lie about us here — ah, what are they but the peerless representatives, elect forever by the deadly gage of battle, of those sixty millions of people, as to-day they are,

whose rights and liberties they achieved! Unknown to us are their names; unknown to them were the greatness and the glory of their deeds! And is not this, the story of the world's best manhood, and of its best achievement?

5. The work by the great unknown, for the great unknown — the work that, by fidelity in the ranks, courage in the trenches, obedience to the voice of command, patience at the picket-line, vigilance at the outpost, is done by that great host that bear no splendid insignia of rank, and figure in no commander's dispatches — this work, with its largest and incalculable and unforeseen consequences for a whole people — is not this work, which we are here to-day to commemorate, at once the noblest and most vast? Who can tell us now the names, even, of those that sleep about us here; and who of them could guess, on that eventful day when here they gave their lives for duty, and their country, how great and how far-reaching would be the victory they should win?

6. And thus we learn, my brothers, where a nation's strength resides. When the German emperor, after the Franco-Prussian war was crowned in the Salles des Glaces at Versailles, on the ceiling of the great hall in which that memorable ceremony took place there were inscribed the words: "The King Rules by His Own Authority." "Not so," said that grand man of blood and iron who, most of all, had welded Germany into one mighty people — "not so: 'The

kings of the earth shall rule under me, saith the Lord.' Trusting in the tried love of the whole people, we leave the country's future in God's hands!" Ah, my countrymen, it is not this man or that man that saved our Republic in its hour of supreme peril. Let us not, indeed, forget her great leaders, great generals, great statesmen, and, greatest among them all, her great martyr and President, Lincoln.

7. But there was no one of these then who would not have told us that which we may all see so plainly now, that it was not they who saved the country, but the host of her great unknown. These, with their steadfast loyalty, these with their cheerful sacrifices, and these, most of all with their simple faith in God and in the triumph of His right — these they were who saved us! Let us never cease to honor them and to trust them; and let us see to it that neither we nor they shall ever cease to trust in that overarching Providence that all along has led them.

8. It was God in the people that made the heroism which, in these unknown ones, we are here to-day to honor. It must forever be God in and with the people that shall make the nation great and wise and strong for any great emergency.

In that faith, we come here to rear this monument and to lay the tribute of our love and gratitude upon these graves. May no alien or vandal hand ever profane their grand repose who slumber here! And when the sons of freedom, now unborn, through gen-

erations to come shall gather here to sing again the praises of these unknown martyrs for the flag, may they kneel down beside these graves and swear anew allegiance to their God, their country, and the right!

HENRY C. POTTER.

CHARACTER OF ENGLAND.

1. No character is perfect among nations more than among men; but it must needs be conceded that, of all the states of Europe, England has been, from an early period, the most favored abode of liberty; the only part of Europe, where, for any length of time, constitutional liberty can be said to have a stable existence. We can scarcely contemplate, with patience, the idea that we might have been a Spanish colony, a Portuguese colony, or a Dutch colony. We can scarcely compare, with coolness, the inheritance which was transmitted to us by our fathers, with that which we must have received from almost any other country; absolute government, military despotism, and the "holy inquisition."

2. What would have been the condition of this flourishing and happy land, had these been the institutions on which its settlement was founded? There are, unfortunately, too many materials for answering this question, in the history of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements on the American continent, from

the first moment of unrelenting waste and desolation, to the distractions and conflicts of which we ourselves are the witnesses, what hope can there be for the colonies of nations which possess themselves no spring of improvement, and tolerate none in the regions over which they rule; whose administration sets no bright examples of parliamentary independence; whose languages send out no reviving lessons of sound and practical science, of manly literature, of sound philosophy; but repeat, with every ship that crosses the Atlantic the same debasing voice of despotism, bigotry, and antiquated superstition?

3. What citizen of our republic is not grateful, in the contrast which our history presents? Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land, out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British Empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

4. Who does not remember that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British

confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the feet of the British throne? No; for myself I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung.

5. I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet — stars, garters, and blue ribbons — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

6. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through

which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country, which holds the ashes of his forefathers. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE ART OF ELOQUENCE.

1. The art of eloquence is something greater, and collected from more sciences and studies than people imagine. For who can suppose that, amid the greatest multitude of students, the utmost abundance of masters, the most eminent geniuses among men, the infinite variety of causes, the most ample rewards offered to eloquence, there is any other reason to be found for the small number of orators than the incredible magnitude and difficulty of the art? A knowledge of a vast number of things is necessary, without which volubility of words is empty and ridiculous; speech itself is to be formed, not merely by choice, but by careful construction of words; and

all the emotions of the mind, which nature has given to man, must be intimately known; for all the force and art of speaking must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of those who listen.

2. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, learning worthy of a well-bred man, and quickness and brevity in replying as well as attacking, accompanied with a refined decorum and urbanity. Besides, the whole of antiquity and a multitude of examples is to be kept in the memory; nor is the knowledge of laws in general, or of the civil law in particular, to be neglected. And why need I add any remarks on delivery itself, which is to be ordered by action of body, by gesture, by look, and by modulation and variation of the voice, the great power of which, alone and in itself, the comparatively trivial art of actors and the stage proves, on which though all bestow their utmost labor to form their look, voice, and gesture, who knows not how few there are, and have ever been, to whom we can attend with patience?

3. What can I say of that repository for all things, the memory, which, unless it be made the keeper of the matter and words that are the fruits of thought and invention, all the talents of the orator, we see, though they be of the highest degree of excellence, will be of no avail? Let us, then, cease to wonder what is the cause of the scarcity of good speakers, since eloquence results from all those qualifications,

in each of which singly it is a great merit to labor successfully.

In my opinion, indeed, no man can be an orator possessed of every praiseworthy accomplishment, unless he has attained the knowledge of everything important, and of all liberal arts, for his language must be ornate and copious from knowledge, since, unless there be beneath the surface matter understood and felt by the speaker, oratory becomes an empty and almost puerile flow of words.

4. Nothing seems to me more noble than to be able to fix the attention of assemblies of men by speaking, to fascinate their minds, to direct their passions to whatever object the orator pleases, and to dissuade them from whatsoever he desires. This particular art has constantly flourished above all others in every free state, and especially in those which have enjoyed peace and tranquility, and has ever exercised great power. For what is so admirable as that, out of an infinite multitude of men, there should arise a single individual who can alone, or with only a few others, exert effectually that power which nature has granted to all?

5. Or what is so pleasant to be heard and understood as an oration adorned and polished with wise thoughts and weighty expressions? Or what is so striking, so astonishing, as that the tumults of the people, the religious feelings of judges, the gravity of the senate, should be swayed by the speech of one

man? Or what, moreover, is so kingly, so liberal, so munificent, as to give assistance to the suppliant, to raise the afflicted, to bestow security, to deliver from dangers, to maintain men in the rights of citizenship?

6. Or consider (that you may not always contemplate the forum, the benches, the rostra, and the senate) what can be more delightful in leisure, or more suited to social intercourse, than elegant conversation, betraying no want of intelligence on any subject? For it is by this one gift that we are most distinguished from brute animals, that we converse together, and can express our thoughts by speech. Who, therefore, would not justly make this an object of admiration, and think it worthy of his utmost exertions, to surpass mankind themselves in that single excellence by which they claim their superiority over brutes?

7. But, that we may notice the most important point of all, what other power could either have assembled mankind, when dispersed, into one place, or have brought them from wild and savage life to the present humane and civilized state of society; or, when cities were established, have described for them laws, judicial institutions, and rights? And that I may not mention more examples, which are almost without number, I will conclude the subject in one short sentence; for I consider, that by the judgment and wisdom of the perfect orator, not only his own honor, but that of many other individuals, and the welfare of the whole state, are principally upheld.

CICERO.

THE LABOR QUESTION.*

1. Gentlemen, I feel honored by this welcome of your organization, and especially so when I consider that the marvellously rapid success of the political strength of the Labor movement, especially in New England, is due mainly to this organization. There never has been a party formed that in three years has attracted toward itself such profound attention throughout the United States.

I stand in the presence of a momentous power. I am told that you represent from seventy thousand to one hundred thousand men, here and elsewhere. Think of it! A hundred thousand men. They can dictate the fate of this nation. Give me one hundred thousand men who are in earnest, who get hold of the great question of labor, and having hold of it, grapple with it, and rip it and tear it open, and invest it with light, gathering the facts, piercing the brains about them and crowding those brains with the facts,—then I know, sure as fate, though I may not live to see it, that *they will certainly conquer this nation in twenty years.* It is impossible that they should not. And that is your power, gentlemen.

2. Let me tell you why I am interested in the Labor Question. Not simply because of the long hours of labor; not simply because of the specific

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oppression of a class. I sympathize with the sufferers there; I am ready to fight on their side. But I look out upon Christendom, with its three hundred millions of people, and I see, that, out of this number of people, one hundred millions never had enough to eat. Physiologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You cannot make a bright or a good man in a starved body; and so this one third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be what they should be.

3. Now, I say that the social civilization which condemns every third man in it to be below the average in the nourishment God prepared for him, did not come from above; it came from below; and the sooner it goes down, the better. Come on this side of the ocean. You will find forty millions of people, and I suppose they are in the highest state of civilization; and yet it is not too much to say, that, out of that forty millions, ten millions, at least, who get up in the morning and go to bed at night, spend all the day in the mere effort to get bread enough to live. They have not elasticity enough, mind or body, left to do anything in the way of intellectual or moral progress.

4. I believe in the Temperance movement. I am a Temperance man of nearly forty years' standing; and I think it is one of the grandest things in the world, because it holds the basis of self-control. Intemper-

ance is the cause of poverty, I know; there is another side to that,—poverty is the cause of intemperance. Crowd a man with fourteen hours' work a day, and you crowd him down to a mere animal life. You have eclipsed his aspirations, dulled his tastes, stunted his intellect, and made him a mere tool, to work fourteen hours and catch a thought in the interval; and while one man in a hundred will rise to be a genius, ninety-nine will cower down under the circumstances.

5. Now, I can tell you a fact. In London, the other day, it was found that one club of gentlemen, a thousand strong, spent twenty thousand dollars at the club-house during the year for drink. Well, I would allow them twenty thousand dollars more at home for liquor, making in all forty thousand dollars a year. These men were all men of education and leisure; they had books and paintings, opera, race-course, and regatta. A thousand men down in Portsmouth in a ship-yard, working under a boss, spent at the grog-shops of the place, in that year, eighty thousand dollars,—double that of their rich brethren. What is the explanation of such a fact as that? Why, the club-man had a circle of pleasures and of company; the operative, after he had worked fourteen hours, had nothing to look forward to but his grog.

6. That is why I say, lift a man, give him life, let him work eight hours a day, give him the school, develop his taste for music, give him a garden, give him beautiful things to see, and good books to read,

and you will starve out those lower appetites. Give a man a chance to earn a good living, and you may save his life. Give a hundred men in this country good wages and eight hours' work, and ninety-nine will disdain to steal.

7. You will find in our criminal institutions to-day a great many men with big brains, who ought to have risen in the world,— perhaps gone to Congress. You may laugh, but I tell you the biggest brains don't go to Congress. Now, take a hundred criminals: ten of them will be smart men; but take the remainder, and eighty of them are below the average, body and mind, —they were, as Charles Lamb said, "never brought up; they were dragged up." They never had any fair chance; they were starved in body and mind. It is like a chain weak in one link; the moment temptation came, it went over. Now, just so long as you hold two thirds of this nation on a narrow, superficial line, you feed the criminal classes.

8. I hail the Labor movement for two reasons; and one is, that it is my only hope for democracy. Take a power like the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and the New York Central Railroad, and there is no legislative independence that can exist in its sight. As well expect a green vine to flourish in a dark cellar as to expect honesty to exist under the shadow of those upas-trees. Unless there is a power in your movement, industrially and politically, the last knell of democratic liberty in this Union is struck; for as I

said, there is no power in one State to resist such a giant as the Pennsylvania road. We have thirty-eight one-horse legislatures in this country; and we have got a man like Tom Scott, with three hundred and fifty million dollars in his hands; and, as he walks through the States, they have no power.

9. There is nothing but the rallying of men against money that can contest with that power. Rally industrially if you will; rally for eight hours, for a little division of profits, for co-operation; rally for such a banking-power in the government as would give us money at three per cent.

Only organize and stand together. Claim something together, and at once; let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice, and then, when you have got that, go on after another; but get something.

From Boston to New Orleans, from Mobile to Rochester, from Baltimore to St. Louis, we have now but one purpose; and that is, having driven all other political questions out of the arena, having abolished slavery, the only question left is labor,— the relations of capital and labor.

10. If you do your duty,— and by that I mean stand together and being true to each other,— the Presidential election you will decide, every State election you may decide if you please.

If you want power in this country; if you want to make yourselves felt; if you do not want your children

to wait long years before they have the bread on the table they ought to have, the leisure in their lives they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have; if you don't want to wait yourselves,— write on your banner, so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it, "We never forget! If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget; if there is a division in Congress, and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees, and say, 'I am sorry I did the act;' and we will say, 'It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave never.'" WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE ELOQUENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS.

1. If you bear in mind that the aim of deliberative eloquence is *to persuade to an action*, and that to persuade to an action it must be shown that to perform it will gratify some one of the desires or affections or sentiments,— you may call them, altogether, *passions*, which are the springs of all action, some love of our own happiness, some love of our country, some love of man, some love of honor, some approval of our own conscience, some fear or some love of God, you will see *that* eloquence will be characterized, — first, by

the nature of the actions to which it persuades; secondly, by the nature of the desire or affection or sentiment,—the nature of the passion, in other words,—by an appeal to which it seeks to persuade to action; and then, I say, that the capital peculiarity of the eloquence of all times of revolution, is that the actions it persuades to are the highest and the most heroic which men can do, and the passions it would inspire, in order to persuade to them, are the most lofty which man can feel.

2. "High actions and high passions," — such are Milton's words, — high actions through and by high passions; these are the end and these the means of the orator of the revolution. Hence are his topics large, simple, intelligible, affecting. Hence are his views broad, impressive, popular; no trivial details, no wire-woven developments, no subtle distinctions and drawing of fine lines about the boundaries of ideas, no speculation, no ingenuity; all is elemental, comprehensive, intense, practical, unqualified, undoubting.

3. It is not of the small things of minor and instrumental politics he comes to speak, or men come to hear. It is not to speak or to hear about permitting an Athenian citizen to change his tribe; about permitting the Roman Knights to have jurisdiction of trials equally with the Senate; it is not about allowing a £10 house-holder to vote for a member of Parliament; about duties on indigo, or onion-seed, or even tea.

"That strain you hear is of an higher mood."

It is the rallying cry of patriotism, of liberty, in the sublimest crisis of the State, — of man. It is a deliberation of empire, of glory, of existence on which they come together. To be or not to be, — that is the question.

4. Shall the children of the men of Marathon become slaves of Philip? Shall the majesty of the senate and people of Rome stoop to wear the chains forging by the military executors of the will of Julius Cæsar? Shall the assembled representatives of France, just wakening from her sleep of ages to claim the rights of man, — shall they disperse, their work undone, their work just commencing; and shall they disperse at the order of the king? or shall the messenger be bid to go, in the thunder-tones of Mirabeau, — and tell his master that "we sit here to do the will of our constituents, and that we will not be moved from these seats but by the point of a bayonet"? Shall Ireland bound upward from her long prostration, and cast from her the last link of the British chain, and shall she advance "from injuries to arms, from arms to liberty," from liberty to glory?

5. Shall the thirteen Colonies become, and be free and independent States, and come unabashed, unterrified, and equal, into the majestic assembly of the nations? These are the thoughts with which all bosoms are distended and oppressed. Filled with these, with these flashing in every eye, swelling every heart, pervading electric all ages, all orders, like a visitation,

"an unquenchable public fire," men come together, — the thousands of Athens around the Bema, or the Temple of Dionysus, — the people of Rome in the forum, the Senate in that council-chamber of the world, — the masses of France, as the spring-tide, into her gardens of the Tuileries, her club-rooms, her hall of the convention, — the representatives, the genius, the grace, the beauty of Ireland into the Tuscan Gallery of her House of Commons, — the delegates of the Colonies into the Hall of Independence of Philadelphia, — thus men come, — in an hour of revolution, to hang upon the lips from which they hope, they need, they demand to hear the things which belong to their national salvation, hungering for the bread of life.

6. And then and thus comes the orator of that time, kindling with their fire; sympathizing with that great beating heart; penetrated, not subdued; lifted up rather by a sublime and rare moment of history made real to his consciousness; charged with the very mission of life, yet unassured whether they will hear or will forbear; transcendent good within their grasp, yet a possibility that the fatal and critical opportunity of salvation will be wasted; the last evil of nations and of men overhanging, yet the siren song of peace — peace when there is no peace — chanted madly by some voice of sloth or fear, — there and thus the orators of revolutions come to work their work! And what then is demanded, and how it is to be done, you

all see; and that in some of the characteristics of their eloquence they must all be alike.

7. *Actions*, not law or policy, whose growth and fruits are to be slowly evolved by time and calm; actions daring, doubtful but instant; the new things of a new world, — these are what the speaker counsels; large, elementary, gorgeous ideas of right, of equality, of independence, of liberty, of progress through convulsion, — these are the principles from which he reasons, *when he reasons*, — these are the pinions of the thought on which he soars and stays.

8. Then the primeval and indestructible sentiments of the breast of man, — his sense of right, his estimation of himself, his sense of honor, his love of fame, his triumph and his joy in the dear name of country, the trophies that tell of the past, the hopes that gild and herald her dawn, — these are the springs of action to which he appeals, — these are the chords his fingers sweep, and from which he draws out the troubled music, "solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism," to which he would have the battalions of the people march!

9. Directness, plainness, a narrow range of topics, few details, few but grand ideas, a headlong tide of sentiment and feeling; vehement, indignant, and reproachful reasonings, — winged general maxims of wisdom and life; an example from Plutarch; a pregnant sentence of Tacitus; thoughts going forth as ministers of nature in robes of light, and with arms in

their hands; thoughts that breathe and words that burn, — these vaguely, approximately, express the general type of all this speech. RUFUS CHOATE.

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT (IRELAND) BILL.

1. In moving the rejection of this Bill, I will endeavor to confine myself to matters directly bearing upon the question at issue; I must endeavor to consider the Bill with regard to what it is, and also in its relation to Irish policy. As respects its relation to Irish policy, I am of opinion that the Bill now before us is the alternative to a policy of what is termed Home Rule or self-government for Ireland in Irish affairs; and likewise, that being so, it is a great mistake to treat this Bill, which is called a Crimes Bill, and more popularly called a Coercion Bill, as if it were a Coercion Bill of the ordinary character. In my opinion, sir, it marks a new era — and a disastrous era — in the history of Coercion.

2. The old Coercion was aimed at crime. The new Coercion — I will not deny that it includes crime in its aim — but it passes beyond the aim at crime, and it aims at association. Association is the only weapon whereby the many and the poor can redress the inequality of their struggle with wealth, influence, power, and administrative authority. It has always

been held necessary that in order to justify a Coercion Bill there should be in Ireland a state of exceptional crime and outrage. I am now quoting the phrase which was used, and well used, not very long ago—I think at the last election — by the noble Lord the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He said there must be exceptional crime and outrage to justify Coercion, and that, unless the crime and outrage be exceptional you will hear nothing of a Coercion Bill. There is no exceptional state of crime and outrage whatever in Ireland at this time, which, according to any of our Parliamentary traditions and the well-understood doctrine and practice of the House of Commons, can constitute a warrant for the introduction of a Coercion Bill, even in the old sense of a Coercion Bill—namely, a Bill directed against crime.

3. This Bill, for which such urgency has been pleaded and all the liberties of the House of Commons suppressed, is opposed by a large minority of this House, and, as far as I can judge, a minority not likely to decrease. I say that it is plain by the most unequivocal and conclusive evidence, that if we have any sort of regard to the traditions of liberty or of Parliamentary usage, there is not to be alleged in support of the present measure, even if we consider it as a Coercion Bill of the old stamp — there is not to be alleged any of the justification which has always by previous Parliaments, and even by previous Governments, been considered essential to warrant the inva-

sion of the liberties of the people, and to warrant a slight — if not an insult — to Ireland. Had this Bill been simply a Crimes Bill, I venture to give a confident opinion that the forty odd nights which have been spent upon it would have been reduced three-fourths. But it is not a Crimes Bill to which this persistent opposition has been offered. It is a Bill of the new fashion, of the new Coercion, which has now received, for the first time, the support of a majority of the House of Commons.

4. So far at least as I am able to judge, this Coercion Bill is the alternative to a large measure of autonomy for Ireland. We are not going to have a Coercion Bill in Ireland because Ireland is disturbed, but because we have refused to give Ireland the management of strictly and properly Irish affairs. I understand that basis of fact. You have refused it, the majority of the constituencies — that is to say, of the English constituencies — out-numbering the rest, and constituting the lawful and constitutional majority in Parliament; but do not disguise the consequences. We predicted at the time when the Irish Government Bill of last year was introduced, according to the best of our forethought, that there was no alternative but coercion, and no alternative but a new and sterner form of coercion. Many of those who conscientiously objected to our course indignantly denied the justice of that prediction, and declared in this House, while announcing their objections to that measure, that they

retained all their old and all their rooted aversion to the Coercion Bills for limiting Irish liberty and crimes.

5. What has become of all those protestations? With the single exception of Sir George Trevelyan, and one or two other honorable members, I am sorry to say that the predictions have been fulfilled, not only in the degree, but very far beyond the degree in which I could have supposed it possible that they would have received fulfilment, and the country will have to be made to understand that the real, and the true, and the only option before it is between a just and liberal autonomy for Ireland, wisely regulated in details, but founded on the great principles that you have applied throughout your Empire, and a system of Coercion on the other side more grievous than any that has yet been put forward — more grievous, sir, not only by the creation of new crimes, not only by substituting executive discretion or indiscretion for the regular and public action of the tribunals in respect of the most sacred rights, but likewise by that which of all others is most odious among the provisions of this Bill, the stamp of permanency which you have chosen to institute, thereby adopting the principle of what on all former occasions has been recognized as a painful and a temporary necessity, of which Parliament would not allow the existence except for the shortest period, and with a regular provision for resuming its consideration. But now the rule — the established state of things for

Ireland — is to be this permanent Bill, as an exemplification of the equal laws and equal rights enjoyed by Ireland under the blessed Bill now before us.

6. What are you contending for? Is there one who will rise from that bench who will say that the state of the case between England and Ireland for seven hundred years of British mastery, is anything but upon the whole a discredit, misery, and shame? Are there any in the House who consider that the great and noble political genius of England, which has spread her fame throughout the world, which has earned for her honor and praise even from enemies, which has made her a rallying-point for those who are struggling for their freedom — that this great and noble genius, which everywhere but in Ireland has achieved such glorious works, may likewise point to Ireland and say — "In a case where the strong had to deal with the weak, where Ireland was at no time strong enough to assert herself against me, where I had my own way so far as Imperial power could give it, how well can I look at the result?" In the whole Empire, spread throughout the world, there is not a piece of the Queen's Dominions, not so much as a square yard, which she holds by force; but she holds Ireland by force. After seven hundred years of mastery you have not yet learned that mastery carries with it responsibility.

7. If I am to descend from higher motives, I own there are two considerations of a very practical char-

acter which come home to my mind, and they appear to me perfectly undeniable; first of all, that the present system of Irish government is the cause of enormous charge to this country. I have had something to do with the finances of this country, and I do not hesitate to say that millions a year are to be saved by substituting a sound for an unsound system in the government of Ireland — that is, by granting to Ireland a free, though a guarded, liberty of managing her own concerns. The expenditure of vast sums of money might be saved which is now used for the purpose of creating and aggravating discontent, which grows year by year with the increase of civilization and with the general decrease of crime. I do not understand why it is so precious in your eyes. I do not suppose that any one will deny that Ireland and Irish affairs are the great cause of the melancholy, lamentable, and disgraceful paralysis of Parliament. There I imagine we are all unanimous; but you cling to that miserable mischief as if it were a treasure and a delight. I cannot understand it.

8. There is a broad and marked distinction between this case and the other great Constitutional struggles in which the party opposite has in numberless times past gallantly engaged and has uniformly been defeated — there is this one very broad and marked distinction, that in this case I do not understand what it is they profess to be fighting for. I see that they profess to be fighting for one thing at least — namely, the union

of the Empire — in which we are most desirous to join, and in which we think it is as ridiculous to charge disunion upon us as they think it ridiculous to charge disunion upon them. In these things we ought to be united. In this present controversy they appear to me to be fighting for something which means nothing but hatred between the two countries, which means nothing but to produce waste of public treasure, which means nothing but stopping the transaction of your own vital and necessary business; and, finally, which means nothing but incurring the judgment and condemnation of the civilized world. Sir, these things cannot last. In the faith that they will not last, and in the faith that every manful protest will tend to bring them nearer to the day of their doom, I move the rejection of this Bill. W. E. GLADSTONE.

DEFEAT AND TRIUMPH.

1. All greatness of soul counts on the infinite time. Greatness does not live by happy accident. For example, in the long story of man there must have been many men like Guido Reni, who fled the jealousy of the artists of Naples, while he carried his half finished picture of the Nativity under his arm until he could get opportunity to finish it. They met with the loss of the half-touched canvas, or saw it ruined by enemies, or found no place to paint it, or

died in the flight. And was it failure on their part? Was Guido's a success above theirs? Shall not the race hear some day the roll-call of the nameless artists who died defeated with honor and above whose defeat rises forever the incense of victory? It is a wretched philosophy of life that would believe that the line which divides victory from defeat is that wavering line on the one side of which men have lived in oblivion, on the other side of which men march as heroes. Much has recently been written concerning the battle of Waterloo. Agreeing that Blücher arrived at the opportune moment to save the day for Wellington and the British hosts, we must ask what would have been the true place of Wellington as a general had he not come through the woods of Frichemont on the French right until Napoleon again had attacked the British position?

2. It is impossible that victory, as the ages shall pronounce that word, that heroism as eternity knows it, that success as the great universe bears upon that word — it is impossible that they should follow like slaves or sutlers the greatest battalions, that they should depend for their honors on the coming of Blücher, or consist in some joyous meeting of an unexpected ally on some Genappas road. Nay, the idea that success belongs to the side that wins the day is born of the same spirit that made Frederick the Great say, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalion." It is the glory of true success that it has often

been picked up for dead on the field; and it is often that the history of heroism is that its bosom has been riddled with bullets and torn with shell, and until the smoke of the battle lifted away none knew its name.

3. Was not Blücher's masterly retreat from the disastrous field of Jena, in which he withdrew his column to Lubeck, more grand than the questionable victory of the other side? He was compelled to retreat for want of provisions and ammunition. Suppose the other side had failed likewise? Life is full of such questions. Some of the bravest men had victory in their hands, but an Arctic blast so chilled them that they lost their grip. Were they any the less victors? Some of the most valorous women I have ever seen had won the day, but the intervening darkness came and the rain poured upon them until they must retreat. Are they not victorious nevertheless?

4. O, there be victories which no rain can wash away though it flood the cannon and wet the powder of life; there be conquests which depend not for issue upon Blücher or provision; and, though over the heights once won, enemies come, the failure that looks up from the valley holds in the tear-drenched eyes the victory.

"The honor lies
In the struggle not the prize."

The fact of struggle involves sincerity. He who struggles must be honest. And the differences

between the struggling and those who do not struggle means more than the difference between the prize-getters and those who leave the race of life uncrowned.

5. It means more of victory that some men are good citizens than that many of you are saints. He is the best saint or hero that has struggled the most and I would rather fall out of breath, tired, broken-hearted, my face wounded and bleeding, my clothes torn into shreds in the fight with some sin, a good way this side of the gates of heaven, than to go in dignifiedly with an elegant suit on and fair white hands that had never known what it was to grasp in deadly fight some wretched enemy of my soul.

6. The people that wear the white robes are they that have come up through great tribulation. How trifling will some of our successes appear in their society; how petty will some of our victories seem; how the white plumes that we wore in the hours of earth when we were on that sort of spiritual dress parade which we often perform — how they will look like foolish feathers when the incense of glory rises from the failure of some saint or the defeat of some hero.

It is a part of the philosophy of success to say that no honest struggle can issue in defeat or result in failure. But the making stronger of him who struggles, something precious always comes to man from the struggle that seems all for nothing.

7. In an age when it was said by a great writer,

our disease is to think "that nothing succeeds like success," it is a high privilege to discover men who could have had cheap victories had they been in love with cheapness; to find women who would rather have hovering about a hut the glory of an ideal too high for them or their neighbors, than to live in mansions with ideals that rose not above the cellar beneath them, and then only as a miasma. It is more wise to stop and inquire if honorable defeat under a banner that shall wave over the blood-washed in heaven is not a richer and a nobler possession than a dishonorable success won under a banner that waves over the smoking ruins of manhood here and shall mark the confines of death hereafter.

8. God bless the men who cannot succeed with a dead past, who disdain to succeed by selling out the future, who would rather fail as men than to wear the cheap diadems and hear the shabby eloquence that come to cowards. Every true man comes upon this question, in some line of life, and he asks in some sublime moment of money-making, applause, success, Can I afford to succeed this way? When he feels the drain that it has made upon his moral nature, the tax that his honesty has to pay, the heavy toll exacted from his conscience, the native man arises and announces that he would rather fail in honor than succeed in dishonor. It is the era-making moment when a painter says: "These pictures of mine are selling rapidly and as long as I paint in this way I

can sell them. But may I not do better?" He sets himself about it and he does so well that no one wants to buy. What must he do? Shall he succeed on a daub or fail with a piece of art?

It is only the tax which one has to pay on a high ideal, that partial failure is his. If one succeeds in eternity, he cannot satisfy all the demands of puny age; but he may know that he serves his time best who serves eternity best.

9. It is a man's sublimest moment when he finds how he can afford to fail, but he cannot afford to reserve a drop of blood. He can like Moses die this side some Canaan and in sight of his goal; and he can find deeper joy in the being worthy of victory than in the victory itself.

The only failure consists in declining the struggle, not in missing the prize. The fair souls have caught the gleam of God, and unconsciously, it has drifted its snowy light into their faces, who, looking for the flitting angels of duty, and following them, have developed such an eloquent anticipation in their eyes that when they fail of the prize and stand defeated, they rise into a realm all their own, conscious that they have reached a personal power which can do without it and be content.

> "To seek is better than to gain,
> The fond hope dies as we attain.
> Life's fairest things are those which seem;
> The best is that of which we dream."

"So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense,
And ever more the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well."

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS.

1. Most serene emperor, illustrious princes, most clement lords, I am again before you, appearing at the hour appointed, and supplicating you to listen to me with benevolence and equity. If in my statement or my replies, I should omit to give you the titles of honour due to you, if I offend against the etiquette of courts, you will, I trust, pardon me, for I have never been accustomed to palaces; I am nothing but a poor monk, the inmate of a humble cell, who have, I assure you, never preached aught, never written aught, but in singleness of heart, and for the glory of my God, and the honour of the Gospel.

2. Most serene emperor, and princes of the empire: to the two questions put to me yesterday, whether I acknowledged as mine the books published in my name, and whether I persevered in defending them, I answer now, as before, and as I will answer to the hour of my death — Yes, the books which have been published by me, or which have been published in my name, are mine; I acknowledge them, I avow them,

and will always avow them, so long as they remain the same as I sent them forth, undistorted by malice, knavery, or mistaken prudence. I acknowledge, further, that whatever I have written, was first matured in my mind by earnest thought and meditation.

3. Before replying to the second question, I entreat your majesty and the states of the empire to consider that my writings do not all treat of the same matter. Some of them are preceptive, destined for the edification of the faithful, for the advancement of piety, for the amelioration of manners; yet the bull, while admitting the innocence and advantage of such treatises, condemns these equally with the rest. If I were to disavow them, what practically should I be doing? Proscribing a mode of instruction which every Christian sanctions, and thus putting myself in opposition to the universal voice of the faithful.

4. There is another class of writings in which I attack the papacy and the belief of the papists, as monstrosities, involving the ruin of sound doctrine and of men's souls. None can deny, who will listen to the cries and the evidences of the conscience within, that the pope's decretals have thrown utter disorder into Christianity, have surprised, imprisoned, tortured the faith of the faithful, have devoured as a prey this noble Germany, for that she has protested aloud against lying tales, contrary to the gospel and to the opinions of the fathers. If I were to retract these writings, I should lend additional strength and audacity

to the Roman tyranny, I should open the floodgates to the torrent of impiety, making for it a breach by which it would rush in and overwhelm the Christian world. My recantation would only serve to extend and strengthen the reign of iniquity; more especially when it should be known that it was solely by order of your majesty, and your serene highnesses, that I had made such retraction.

5. Finally, there is another class of works, which have been published under my name; I speak of those books of polemics, which I have written against some of my adversaries, advocates of the Roman tyranny. I have no hesitation in admitting that in these I have shown greater violence than befitted a man of my calling; I do not set up for a saint, I do not say that my conduct has been above reproach; my dispute is not about that conduct, but about the doctrine of Christ. But though I have been violent overmuch at times, I cannot consent to disavow these writings, because Rome would make use of the disavowal, to extend her kingdom and oppress men's souls.

6. Be assured I have well weighed the dangers, the pains, the strife, and hatred that my doctrine will bring into the world; and I rejoice to see the Word of God producing, as its first fruits, discord and dissension, for such is the lot and destiny of the Divine Word as our Lord has set forth: *I came not to send peace, but a sword, to set the son against his father.*

Forget not that God is admirable and terrible in

all his counsels; and beware, lest, if you condemn the Divine Word, that Word send forth upon you a deluge of ills, and the reign of our noble young emperor, upon whom, next to God, repose all our hopes, be speedily and sorely troubled.

7. I might here, in examples drawn from Holy Writ, exhibit to you Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and the kings of Israel, ruined from seeking to reign at first by peace, and by what they termed wisdom. For God confounds the hypocrite in his hypocrisy, and overturns mountains ere they know of their fall; fear is the work of God.

I seek not herein to offer advice to your high and mighty understandings; but I owed this testimony of a loving heart to my native Germany. I conclude with recommending myself to your sacred majesty and your highnesses, humbly entreating you not to suffer my enemies to indulge their hatred against me under your sanction. I have said what I had to say.

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

1. I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every God and Goddess, that the same good-will, which I have ever cherished toward the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise — and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor — that the Gods

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may put it in your minds, not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard — that would indeed be cruel! — but of the laws and of your oath; wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike.

2. Many advantages hath Æschines over me on this trial; and two especially, men of Athens. First, my risk in the contest is not the same. It is assuredly not the same for me to forfeit your regard, as for my adversary not to succeed in his indictment. My second disadvantage is, the natural disposition of mankind to take pleasure in hearing invective and accusation, and to be annoyed by those who praise themselves. To Æschines is assigned the part which gives pleasure; that which is (I may fairly say) offensive to all, is left for me. And if, to escape from this, I make no mention of what I have done, I shall appear to be without defense against his charges, without proof of my claims to honor; whereas, if I proceed to give an account of my conduct and measures, I shall be forced to speak frequently of myself. I will endeavor then to do so with all becoming modesty: what I am driven to by the necessity of the case will be fairly chargeable to my opponent who has instituted such a prosecution.

3. Many accusations and falsehoods hath Æschines urged against me, O Athenians, but one thing surprised me more than all, that, when he mentioned the

late misfortunes of the country, he felt not as became a well-disposed and upright citizen, he shed no tear, experienced no such emotion: with a loud voice exulting, and straining his throat, he imagined apparently that he was accusing me, while he was giving proof against himself, that our distresses touched him not in the same manner as the rest.

4. A person who pretends, as he did, to care for the laws and constitution, ought at least to have this about him, that he grieves and rejoices for the same cause as the people, and not by his politics to be enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, as Æschines has plainly done, saying that I am the cause of all, and that the commonwealth has fallen into troubles through me, when it was not owing to my views or principles that you began to assist the Greeks; for, if you conceded this to me, that my influence caused you to resist the subjugation of Greece, it would be a higher honor than any that you have bestowed upon others. I myself would not make such an assertion, and Æschines, if he acted honestly, would never, out of enmity to me, have disparaged and defamed the greatest of your glories.

5. But why do I censure him for this, when with calumny far more shocking has he assailed me? He that charges me with Philippizing — what would he not say? By Hercules and the Gods! if one had honestly to inquire, discarding all expression of spite and falsehood, who the persons really are, on whom

the blame of what has happened may by common consent fairly and justly be thrown, it would be found they are persons in the various states like Æschines, persons who, while Philip's power was feeble and exceedingly small, and we were constantly warning and exhorting and giving salutary counsel, sacrificed the general interests for the sake of selfish lucre, deceiving and corrupting their respective countrymen, until they made them slaves.

6. The day will not last me to recount the names of the traitors. These, O Athenians, are men of the same politics in their own countries as this party among you,— profligates, and parasites, and miscreants, who have each of them crippled their fatherlands; toasted away their liberty, first to Philip and last to Alexander; while freedom and independence, which the Greeks of olden time regarded as the test and standard of well-being, they have annihilated.

7. Of this base and infamous conspiracy and profligacy — or rather, O Athenians, if I am to speak in earnest, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty — Athens is by all mankind acquitted, owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Æschines, for what merit I claim to be honored? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or

induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country.

8. Whatever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit: all my proceedings have been those of a soul upright, honest, and incorrupt: intrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honored.

9. As to this fortification, for which you ridiculed me, of the wall and fosse, I regard them as deserving of thanks and praise, and so they are; but I place them nowhere near my acts of administration. Not with stones nor with bricks did I fortify Athens: nor is this the ministry on which I most pride myself. Would you view my fortifications aright, you will find arms, and states, and posts, and harbors, and galleys, and horses, and men for their defense. These are the bulwarks with which I protected Attica, as far as was possible by human wisdom; with these I fortified our territory, not the circle of Piræus or the city. Nay more; I was not beaten by Philip in estimates or preparations; far from it; but the generals and forces of the allies were overcome by his fortune.

10. If the power of some deity or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of

what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I was in my station among you; or rather, had Thessaly possessed one single man, and Arcadia one, of the same sentiments as myself, none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylæ would have suffered their present calamities; all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with perfect safety and security, thankful to you and the rest of the Athenians for such manifold blessings through me.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION—MORAL—ATMOSPHERE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1. There is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, administered their laws, dealt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan, only, lay between them and "the promised land." The Promised Land! O, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely foreshadowed place! All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain; look upon it; and die!"

2. From that silent summit the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. This was but a moment's anguish, he forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

3. Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people! Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men at home were striking: upon it foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one, such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sins of his people as by fire.

4. At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out of the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us.

5. Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that our government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the blood was staunched and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth,— all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

6. In one hour, under the blow of a single bereave-

ment, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow;—noon and midnight without a space between!

7. The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow. There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its firstborn were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly.

8. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The great city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The huge Leviathan lay down and was still.

Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

9. This blow was aimed at the life of the government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain; America was meant. The man was cast down; the government was smitten at. It was the President who was killed. It was national life, breathing freedom and meaning beneficence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated; but that would not have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government and a government that represented right and liberty, that he was singled out.

10. The blow, however, had signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved — but in tears only. It stands, four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. Even

he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now, his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well.

11. You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no ministers shall be able to reach. When in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? Oh, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long wronged and grieved!

12. And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead — dead — dead — he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead?

Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

13. Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nations; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall make pilgrimage to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr, whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty! HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1865.

1. *Fellow-Countrymen*: — At this second appearing to take the oath of presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

2. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it.

3. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war

rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it.

4. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

5. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

6. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each evokes His aid against the other.

It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged.

The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes.

7. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come: but woe to that

man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

8. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

9. With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

NOVEMBER 15, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause

for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE TRUE FAST.

1. Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and declare unto my people their transgression, and to the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways; as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God, they ask of me righteous ordinances, they delight to draw near unto God. Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find your own pleasure, and exact all your labors. Behold, ye fast for strife and contention, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye fast not this day so as to make your voice to be heard on high.

2. Is such the fast that I have chosen? the day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an accepta-

ble day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

3. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedly; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noonday; and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1. It is a principle amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant many. As, in private character, adversity is often requisite to give a proper direction and temper to strong qualities, so the noblest traits of national character in all countries, our own not excepted, will often be found in times of trial and disaster, in the ranks of a protesting minority or of a dissenting sect. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

2. Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the patronage of princes and great men, to defend their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that our foundations were

silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born among hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favors, and owing no duty.

3. From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits.

4. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and dangerous autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellowmen — a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the power and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored

continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good.

5. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. They kept far away from the enterprise all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to conduct the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were desirous to quit their cathedrals, and set up a splendid hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow.

6. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strown; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

7. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but

brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel.

8. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

9. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted set-

tlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

10. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

PATRIOTISM.

1. Day by day, wherever our homes may be in this great land, we have watched the passing pageant of the year. Day by day, from the first quick flush of April, through the deeper green and richer bloom of May and June, we have seen the advancing season develop and increase until, at last, among roses and golden grain, the year stood perfect in mid-summer splendor.

From "Orations and Addresses," by George William Curtis. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

2. As you have contemplated the brief glory of our summer, where the clover almost blooms out of snow drifts and the red apples drop almost with the white blossoms, you have, perhaps, remembered that the flower upon the tree was only the ornament of a moment, a brilliant part of the process by which the fruit was formed, and that the perfect fruit itself was but the seed vessel by which the race of the tree was continued from year to year.

3. Then have you followed the exquisite analogy — that youth is the aromatic flower upon the tree; the grave life of maturer years its sober solid fruit; and the principles and character deposited by that life the seeds by which the glory of this race, also, is perpetuated?

The flower in your hand fades while you look at it; the dream that allures you glimmers and is gone. But both flower and dream, like youth itself, are buds and prophecies. For where, without the perfumed blooming of the spring orchards all over the hills and among the valleys, would the happy harvests be? and where, without the dreams of the young men lighting the future with human possibility, would be the deeds of the old men dignifying the past with human achievement? How deeply does it become us to trust in the promise of youth and to believe in its fulfilment — us, who are living with the youth of the youngest nation in history.

4. Life is beginning for us; but the life of every

nation, as of every individual, is a battle, and the victory is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion. Knowing that nothing is worth fighting for at all unless God reigns, let us believe at least as much in the goodness of God, as we do in the dexterity of the devil. And, viewing this prodigious spectacle of our country — this hope of humanity — this young America, *our* America, taking the sun full in the front, and making for the future as boldly and blithely as the young David for Goliath — let us believe in our own hopes with all our hearts, and out of that faith shall spring the fact that David, and not Goliath, is to win the day.

5. In whatever country and whatever case a man may chance to be born, he is born a citizen of the world, and bound by the universal rule of right or law of God. God writes that law upon the man's perceptions, and we call it conscience, or God in him. Proper manhood is the fruit of obedience to that law. Countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a son, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations he is a man. The end of his human destiny is surely not to be the best German or the best Roman or the best father, but the best man he can be.

6. Right and Wrong, Justice and Crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and to do the right, and the nation is

but an aggregation of citizens. If a man shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong," he merely utters words such as those might be of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the custom-house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired."

7. If such is Patriotism in general, what is it in particular? How can you, as educated young Americans, best serve the great cause of human development to which all nationalities are subservient?

From the love of liberty, and from what is rarer, the ability of organizing liberty in institutions, sprang the America of which we are so fondly proud. Our popular or democratic idea has this profound difference from the same thought as it appeared in Greece or the republics of the Middle Ages, that it is associated with the religious instinct; so that our political has always rested upon our religious liberty.

8. Now, as I conceive it, patriotism in an American, is simply fidelity to the American idea. Our government was established confessedly in obedience to this sentiment of human liberty. And your duty as patriots is to understand clearly that by all its antecedents your country is consecrated to the cause of freedom; that it was discovered when the great principle of human liberty was about to be organized in institutions; that it was settled by men who were exiled by reason of their loyalty to that principle; that it sepa-

rated politically from its mother country because that principle had been assailed; that it began its peculiar existence by formally declaring its faith in human freedom and equality; and therefore, that whatever in its government or policy tends to limit or destroy that freedom and equality is anti-American and unpatriotic, because America and liberty are inseparable ideas.

9. Doubtless in every civilized and intelligent society there is no need of saying that the public laws must be obeyed. But the rule is subject to a very grave exception. Amid the jargon of corrupt politics, and the shivering sophistries of timidity and indifference and ease which blow upon every generation of young hearts, as the suffocating scirocco blows over springing grain, remember steadily that laws are of two kinds — those which concern us as citizens, and those which affect us as men. We are born men, with certain indefeasible moral duties — whether our birth chance in China or New England — and we are born citizens, with certain obligations to the law.

10. If, therefore, the law of the land, enacted by a majority of the people, declare that you must pay a heavy tax, that a railroad may pierce your garden, that a duty may be levied upon the goods you import, however injurious to you the effect may be you can have no right to resist forcibly, because the consequences of forcible resistance would be universal confusion and injury. These are laws that govern us only as citizens in our relation to the State.

11. But if the law of the land declares that you must murder your child under two years of age, or prostitute your daughter, or deny a cup of water to the thirsty, or return to savage Indians an innocent captive flying for his life, you have no right to obey, because such laws nullify themselves being repulsive to the holiest human instincts. Such laws God and man require of you to disobey, for upon a people who, under any pretence, could yield to them there is no tyranny so terrible that it might not be imposed.

12. Will you obey, under the plea that it is law, and that you have no right to judge the law, but must try to alter it by and by? By and by? But God is God to-day! and to-day a child is born to you — he is under two years old; to-day the thirsty wretch falls parched and panting at your feet; to-day the captive from those Indians red as murder crouches on your hearth-stone; and the law is knocking at your door — "Give me that child, give me that thirsty wretch, give me that frightened fugitive; I am the law!" Yes and God is knocking at your heart, "Whosoever doeth it unto the least of these my brethren, doeth it unto me!"

13. If we believe that our country embodies any principle, that as moral agents and self-respecting men we have something to do in America besides turning the air and water and earth into wealth, we shall need to cling to no principle so strongly as this, that no possible law can bind us to do a moral wrong. All other inconveniences and disadvantages we may suffer

for the sake of law, seeing how soon the injury may be repaired, but there is no reparation of moral injury. What excuse is it for my lying and thieving and murdering, for my trampling upon conscience, which is God in me, that the law ordered it?

14. Remember that the greatness of our country is not in the greatness of its achievement, but in its promise — a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive national conscience. Commercial prosperity is only a curse if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress, and our prosperity will conquer us if we do not conquer our prosperity. Our commercial success tends to make us all cowards; but we have got to make up our minds in this country whether we believe in the goodness and power of God as sincerely as we undoubtedly do in the dexterity of the Devil, that we may shape our national life accordingly and not be praying now to good God, now to good Devil, and wondering which is going to carry us off after all.

15. The whole of Patriotism for us seems to consist at the present moment in the maintenance of this public moral tone. No voice of self-glorification, no complacent congratulation that we are the greatest, wisest and best of nations, will help our greatness or our goodness in the smallest degree. History and mankind do not take men or nations at their own valuation, and a man no longer secures instant respect and sympathy by announcing himself an American.

Are we satisfied that America should have no other excuse for independent national existence than a superior facility of money-making?

16. Why, if we are unfaithful as a nation, though our population were to double in a year, and the roar and rush of our vast machinery were to silence the music of the spheres, and our wealth were enough to buy all the world, our population could not bully history, nor all our riches bribe the eternal Justice not to write upon us "Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed!"

17. But I am not here to counsel you to despair and headshakings. I am here to say that this country which you are to inherit, and for which you are to be responsible, needs only an enlightened patriotism to fulfill all its mission and justify the dreams of its youth. I do not believe that our young energy is capable of nothing more than money-making at any cost, at any wear and tear of the moral sense. I do not believe that the purpose of God in the progress of the race to self-respecting and consistent liberty and law is to be thwarted by moral cowardice.

18. But I believe, rather, that there is a moral sentiment in the country which will make the glooms of its morning the glory of its prime, and which honors the name American so much that it would willingly die rather than see it desecrated. Surrounded by unequalled opportunities, let us use them as God inspires. Be faithful, be brave, be bold; neither

deluded by the hope of easy success, nor disheartened by the long delay. But be cheered by the great aim and by the great spirit in which you serve it. Live to justify your own hope and the vision of all noble minds. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

1. When Moses stood upon the mount before God, his prayer was: "I beseech Thee show me Thy glory." When we remember that only a short time before he had stood on that same mount, with the twelve elders, and had there seen that dazzling manifestation of the presence of the Infinite which is described in the words: "And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness," we certainly must infer that he had a deeper conception of God's glory than to count it a thing expressed by even so marvelous a vision. It was as if he had said: "I have seen all this outer covering, but now I beseech Thee show me *Thy Glory.*"

2. And God answered that prayer, and His answer was this: "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." And when Moses had been hidden "in the cleft of the rock" — buttressing his weakness of a day with the strength of eternal ages,— then "the

Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty!'" This was the revelation Moses had sought — the declaration of God's character, the revelation of Himself.

3. Then, in the fullness of time, Christ came; the interpreter of the Divine purpose from the beginning, the acme of the race's possible evolution, the promise of all that is to come was born into the world. What did this revelation show God to be? Eighteen centuries have been studying the life work of Jesus Christ and the principles underlying that work, and still the problem is not solved. He has been viewed from every possible angle of vision, and like the facets of the diamond new light has shone forth with every view.

4. After all, we need to turn for the revelation back to the revealer to read all in the light of Christ's life. As in a ray of clear white light all the prismatic hues are reflected, so we find all conceptions merged in Himself, and the glory of God is found to be no one attribute, not even the divinest, but a life which spends itself for the exaltation of humanity. The glory of God is the highest good of man, and God is only glorified as man comes into his highest development.

5. I cannot interpret Jesus in any other way but this. Every act, every word means this to me. His tenderness is not the mistaken tenderness of a nature which is kind simply because it cannot bear itself to inflict pain, but it is the tenderness welling up from a heart which can be stern, if need be, and both the tenderness and the sternness are for the one end, the highest good of the loved one. His pity is not the mere personal sentiment springing from the unwillingness to contemplate anything unpleasant, but it is the heartache of the infinitely pure for whatever falls short of that purity. His justice is not stern, unrelenting wrath, but it is the very essence of a mercy which can only be merciful as it is just. His love? The cross is the measure of that, but not the cross on Calvary alone — that was only the culmination of a series of cross-bearings, which had begun at Bethlehem's manger. The contumely, the scorn, the indifference, the misunderstoodness — all these which were so hard to bear were but chapters in that cross-bearing. They all enter into the showing forth of the Father's glory.

6. And this very revelation is but a means to an end. Every heartache, every pain, every disappointment meant that — means to an end. And what was the end? His own exaltation, His own glory, His own happiness? No, a thousand times, no. What is the end? The saving in heaven of a humanity wrecked on earth? A something so far beyond

this that the thought of heaven itself becomes only a small part in the great purpose. The apostle shadows forth the end when he declares, "That He might become the first-born among *many* brethren." "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." This is the ultimate glory of God as shown forth in Christ Jesus — a humanity raised to the same glorious plane.

7. I believe the greatest discovery the church of this age has made is that we are called to a like mission with the Master; that as He revealed God, so are we to reveal Him, not only in the thoughts we think of Him in the quiet of our devotional hours, not only in the words we say of Him in our testimony and before the world, but in the deeds we do and the words which are perpetually falling from our lips as we meet men, everywhere, in our manifold human relations.

8. It is the glory of the religious concept of this age that it no longer builds a dividing line between sacred and secular; that this line is obliterated not by bringing the sacred down to the level of the secular, but by lifting the secular up to the height of the sacred; so that we may feel that the man who toils with brawn and sinew is as much revealing the divine life as the one who stands behind the pulpit, or the one who puts imperishable thoughts upon canvas or upon paper. We are coming to see that the glory of God may be revealed in righteous laws righteously

executed, as well as in anthems gloriously sung; in proper sanitary conditions for the body politic, as well as in orthodox doctrines for the suppression of error; in Christian sociology, as well as in theology; in whatever tends to the inbringing of righteousness.

9. The glory of God as revealed in Christ Jesus means the perfect freedom to each individual to live out his or her highest life under the best possible conditions. The glory of God will be fully revealed through His children when each face shall have caught the Christ-likeness; when each life shall have come to its highest development; when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The working out of this divine spirit is the purpose and the trend of the ages.

KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

STATE OF IRELAND.

1. Sir, I am here to make a protest; I am here to protest in the name of my country, and on behalf of my countrymen, against the commission of one additional injustice to Ireland; there is one fact which no man can deny; and that is — that there is no one country in the world which ever inflicted so much oppression, which ever committed so many crimes against another, as England has committed against Ireland. That, sir, is an undeniable truth. Every

page of history teems with it — every page of history trumpets it forth to the world.

2. But I do not mean to go through the history of Ireland to prove this point — I do not mean to go back further than the period of the Union. But for the misgovernment which has existed since the Union to the present day, this Parliament is clearly responsible. You ought to think of the situation of Ireland at the Union, and compare it with its present state. If Ireland was then in a condition of distress and destitution, and if it has since arisen to prosperity and comfort, then applaud your Government, talk of your wisdom as statesmen, and refer to the fact of the transition from want and misery to plenty and comfort as decisive evidence of the wisdom of our councils. But is it so? Is that the state in which the facts are before the world? No, sir; directly the reverse is the fact.

3. At the period of the Union there was considerable prosperity in Ireland. For eighteen years before that time it had enjoyed the benefit of self-government, and it is a portion of history that no country in the world ever rose so fast in prosperity as did Ireland during those eighteen years. In the year 1800, when Mr. Pitt proposed the Act of Union, what were his arguments? He did not inform the House that Ireland was in a state of want and misery, and that, therefore, it would be advantageous for it to be connected with this great country, and to enjoy a partici-

pation in its commercial and manufacturing prosperity. No, sir; the case he made out, the case which it was his duty to make out, and which the facts only warranted him in making out, was, that Ireland had advanced most rapidly in prosperity for years previously — that she exported three millions' worth of manufactured goods, and imported one million's worth of manufactured goods — that her prosperity had thus accumulated when she was separate from England, and that it was clear that if she were connected with a country so much richer than herself as England, that prosperity would be multiplied beyond calculation.

4. Sir, has the fact borne him out? Is he justified in his prophecy? Is Ireland in a state of prosperity? I am not here to talk of claims for political, and what, in some cases, may be fanciful rights. I am not speaking of the franchise — or of corporation rights — or of municipal rights — or of Parliamentary rights — but I am speaking of material and actual prosperity. Sir, what is the condition of Ireland? There is a German traveler, Kohl, who has visited all the countries of Europe, and who has published accounts of his travels. He is unconnected with Ireland, he has no sympathy with Repealers; on the contrary, he showed a distrust towards them. That man, in his book on Ireland, has declared, having travelled through all the countries of Europe, that in none of them did he find distress such as he saw in Ireland. There was

no such thing known in other countries; and this, sir, forty-four years after the Union!

5. But I have still further evidence. In 1841 a Government report was made out not only of the population, but of the state of the country too; and what facts do I find there? That out of the agricultural population, 70 per cent. are in a state of poverty, living in cabins having only one room; and that 30 per cent. of the town population are in a similar state, no family having more than one room; and in some cases several families in the same room. And there is another fact, which will convince every one who reflects, how horrid the state of distress must be. Between 1821 and 1831, the population increased rapidly. Between 1831 and 1841, the ratio of increase was 70,000 per annum less than in the previous decennial periods. There were, consequently, 700,000 persons less in 1841 than ought to have been, and could have been found in Ireland, if the ratio had gone on from 1831 to 1841, as it had from 1821 to 1831. Can any man who hears these facts — can any one who goes across the Channel and looks for himself, deny them? And these are the effects of party — this is the situation into which we have been brought by your government. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE WORLD'S BEST BOOK.

So long as I know what this book has been and done, so long as man's history will not allow me to risk the interests of society with the infidelity which has so often demoralized it, so long will I yearn to get the Bible and its message to all men. It has been our world's best book. With this book as inspiration and resource, William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale were so to continue and complete the task of the venerable Bede and John Wycliffe as to make an epoch in the history of that language to be used by Shakespeare and Burke — an era as distinct as that which Luther's Bible so soon should mark in the history of a language to be such a potent instrument in the hands of Goethe and Hegel.

2. For this very act of heresy, Tyndale was to be called "a full-grown Wycliffe," and Luther "the redeemer of his mother tongue." With the Bible, Calvin was to conceive republics at Geneva, and Holbein to paint, in spite of the iconoclasm of the reformation, the faces of Holy Mother and Saint, and in spite of the cruelty of the church scripturally conceived satires illustrating the sale of indulgences. With that book Gustavus Vasa was to protect and nurture the freedom of that land of flowing splendors, while Angelo was transcribing sacred scenes upon the Sistine vault or fixing them in stone.

3. Reading this book, More was to die with a smile; Latimer, Cranmer and Ridley to perish while illuminating Europe with living torches, and the Anabaptist to arouse the sympathies of Christendom by his agonies. With this book in hand, Shakespeare was to write his plays; Raleigh to die, knight, discoverer, thinker, statesman, martyr; Bacon to lay the foundation of modern scientific research — three stars in the majestic constellation about Henry's daughter. With this Bible open before them the English nation would behold the Spanish Armada dashed to pieces upon the rocks, while Edmund Spenser mingled his delicious notes with the tumult of that awful wreck.

4. This book was to produce the edict of Nantes, while John of Barneveld would give new life to the command of William the Silent — "Level the dykes; give Holland back to the ocean, if need be," thus making preparation for the visit of the Mayflower pilgrims to Leyden or Delfthaven. Their eye resting upon its pages, Selden and Pym were to go to prison, while Grotius dreamed of the rights of man in peace and war, and Guido and Rubens were painting the joys of the manger or the sorrows of Calvary. His hand resting upon this book, Oliver Cromwell would consolidate the hopes and convictions of Puritanism into a sword which should conquer at Nasby, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, leave to the throne of Charles I. a headless corpse, and create, if only for

an hour's prophecy, a commonwealth of unbending righteousness.

5. With that volume in their homes, the Swede and the Huguenot, the Scotch Irishman and the Quaker, the Dutchman and the freedom-loving cavalier, were to plan pilgrimages to the West, and establish new homes in America. With that book in the cabin of the Mayflower, venerated and obeyed by sea-tossed exiles, was to be born a compact from which should spring a constitution and a government for the life of which all these nationalities should willingly bleed and struggle, under a commander who should rise from the soil of the cavaliers, and unsheathe his sword in the colony of the Puritans.

6. Out of that Bible were to come the Petition of Right, the National Anthem of 1628, the Grand Remonstrance, and "Paradise Lost." With it, Blake and Pascal should voyage heroically in diverse seas. In its influence, Harrington should write his "Oceana," Jeremy Taylor his "Liberty of Prophesying," Sir Matthew Hale his fearless replies, while Rembrandt was placing on canvas little Dutch children, with wooden shoes, crowding to the feet of a Jewish Messiah.

7. Its lines, breathing life, order, and freedom, would inspire John Bunyan's dream, Algernon Sidney's fatal republicanism, and Pufendorf's judicature. With them, William Penn would meet the Indian of the forest and Fenelon, the philosopher, in his meditative

solitude. Locke and Newton and Leibnitz would carry it with them in pathless fields of speculation, while Peter the Great was smiting an arrogant priest in Russia, and William was ascending the English throne.

8. From its poetry, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning would catch the divine afflatus; from its statesmanship Burke, Romilly, and Bright would learn how to create and redeem institutions; from its melodies Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven would write oratorios, masses, and symphonies; from its declaration of divine sympathy Wilberforce, Howard, and Florence Nightingale were to emancipate slaves, reform prisons, and mitigate the cruelties of war; from its prophecies Dante's hope of united Italy was to be realized by Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel.

9. Looking upon the family Bible as he was dying, Andrew Jackson said: "That book, sir, is the rock on which the Republic rests;" and with her hand upon that book, Victoria, England's coming Queen, was to sum up her history as a power amid the nations of the earth, when, replying to the questions of an ambassador: "What is the secret of England's superiority among the nations?" she would say: "Go tell your prince that *this* is the secret of England's political greatness."

When Infidelity, with all her literature, produces such a roll-call as this; when out of her pages I may see coming a nobler set of forces for the making of

manhood, then, and only then, will I give up my Bible; then, and only then, will I cease to pray and labor that it may be given to all the world.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

DUTY FIRST OF ALL.

1. It affords me gratification to meet the people of the city of Chicago and to participate with them in this patriotic celebration. Upon the suspension of hostilities of a foreign war, the first in our history for over half a century, we have met in a spirit of peace, profoundly grateful for the glorious advancement already made, and earnestly wishing in the final termination to realize an equally glorious fulfillment.

2. With no feeling of exultation, but with profound thankfulness, we contemplate the events of the past five months. They have been too serious to admit of boasting or vainglorification. They have been so full of responsibilities, immediate and prospective, as to admonish the soberest judgment and counsel the most conservative action. This is not the time to fire the imagination, but rather to discover in calm reason the way to truth and justice and right, and when discovered to follow it with fidelity and courage, without fear, hesitation or weakness.

3. The war has put upon the nation grave responsibilities. Their extent was not anticipated and could

not have been well foreseen. We cannot escape the obligations of victory. We cannot avoid the serious questions which have been brought home to us by the achievements of our arms on land and sea. We are bound in conscience to keep and perform the covenants which the war has sacredly sealed with mankind. Accepting war for humanity's sake, we must accept all obligations which the war in duty and honor imposed upon us. The splendid victories we have achieved would be our eternal shame and not our everlasting glory if they led to the weakening of our original lofty purpose or to the desertion of the immortal principles on which the national government was founded and in accordance with whose ennobling spirit it has ever since been faithfully administered.

4. The war with Spain was undertaken not that the United States should increase its territory, but that oppression at our very doors should be stopped. This noble sentiment must continue to animate us, and we must give to the world the full demonstration of the sincerity of our purpose.

Duty determines destiny. Destiny which results from duty performed may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor. Pursuing duty may not always lead by smooth paths. Another course may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always sure and safe and honorable.

5. It is not within the power of man to foretell the

future and to solve unerringly its mighty problems. Almighty God has His plans and methods for human progress, and not infrequently they are shrouded for the time being in impenetrable mystery. Looking backward we can see how the hand of destiny builded for us and assigned us tasks whose full meaning was not apprehended even by the wisest statesmen of their times. Our colonial ancestors did not enter upon their war originally for independence. Abraham Lincoln did not start out to free the slaves, but to save the union.

6. The war with Spain was not of our seeking, and some of its consequences may not be to our liking. Our vision is often defective. Shortsightedness is a common malady, but the closer we get to things or they get to us the clearer our view and the less obscure our duty. Patriotism must be faithful as well as fervent; statesmanship must be wise as well as fearless — not the statesmanship which will command the applause of the hour, but the judgment of posterity.

7. The progress of a nation can alone prevent degeneration. There must be new life and purpose or there will be weakness and decay. There must be broadening of thought as well as broadening of trade. Territorial expansion is not alone and always necessary to national advancement. There must be a constant movement toward a higher and nobler civilization, a civilization that shall make its conquests without

resort to war and achieve its greatest victories pursuing the arts of peace. In our present situation duty and duty alone should prescribe the boundary of our responsibilities and the scope of our undertakings.

8. The final determination of our purpose awaits the action of the eminent men who are charged by the executive with the making of the treaty of peace and that of the senate of the United States, which, by our constitution, must ratify and confirm it. We all hope and pray that the confirmation of peace will be as just and humane as the conduct and consummation of the war. When the work of the treatymakers is done the work of the lawmakers will begin. The one will settle the extent of our responsibilities; the other must provide the legislation to meet them. The army and navy have nobly and heroically performed their part. May God give the executive and congress wisdom to perform theirs.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

CHAPTER III.

WILL—INFLUENCING TO ACTION.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act III. Scene II.

I.

Antony. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

II.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

III.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

IV.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

V.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

VI.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

VII.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.

VIII.

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 Citizen. We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! We will hear Cæsar's will.

IX.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 Citizen. Read the will! We 'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

X.

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Citizen. They are traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Citizen. They are villains, murtherers! The will!
Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Citizen. Descend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

3 Citizen. You shall have leave.

4 Citizen. A ring; stand round.

1 Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

XI.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

XII.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

XIII.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WISE MEN.

1. "Where is He that is born in Judea? For we have seen His star in the east, and have come to worship Him." Hearken then, my brethren and let not your thoughts go astray. Open your eyes and behold who are these that are coming. Behold the Wise Men, behold the Chaldeans; behold those that were not born among Christians; behold those that were not baptized;

behold those that were not instructed in the law of the gospel; behold those that heard not the voices of preachers.

2. *Behold the Wise Men of the East*, from the midst of a perverse and evil nation, from distant and remote regions; shrinking from no expense, from no weariness, from no danger. *They came.* And when was it that they came? When all the world was full of idolatry; when men bowed down before stocks and stones, when the earth was full of darkness and gloom, and all men full of iniquity. . . .

3. When was it that they came? When Christ was a babe, when He lay upon straw, when He showed nought but weakness, when He had as yet done no miracles. They saw the star, but no other miracle; they beheld not the blind restored to sight, nor the dead raised, nor any other visible thing.

4. *And we come to worship Him.* We have made a great journey only to worship the footprints of the Babe. We have forsaken our country, have forsaken our friends, have forsaken our kingdoms, have forsaken our great riches. We have come from a distant land, through many dangers, and with much speed and solely to worship Him. This is sufficient for us, this is more to us than our kingdoms, this is more precious to us than our very life.

5. What shall we say to these things, what by our faith shall we say? O living faith! O highest charity! See ye then how great was the perfidy of the Judeans,

how great the hardness of their hearts, since neither by miracles, nor by prophecies, nor by this voice were they moved! But why have we directed our sermon against the men of Judea and not rather against ourselves? Why dost thou see the mote in thy brother's eye, yet cannot see the beam in thine own?

6. Behold the Lord Jesus is no longer a babe in the manger, but is great in heaven. Already hath He preached and performed miracles, hath been crucified, hath risen again, and now sitteth at the right hand of the Father, hath sent the apostles, hath subjugated nations. Already the kingdom of heaven is everywhere; behold its door is opened unto you; the Lord hath led the way, and the apostles and martyrs have followed Him.

7. But thou art slothful, and all labor is a burden to thee and thou wilt not follow in the footsteps of Christ. Behold, each day avarice grows, the whirlpool of usury is widened, lust hath contaminated all things, and pride soareth to the clouds. O! well might it be said of you in the words of the Bible — Behold, I go unto a people which kneweth me not, and called not upon my name; daily have I stretched out my hands to an unbelieving people, a people which provoketh me to anger.

SAVONAROLA.

NOTE:—Natural spontaneous eloquence of this kind was entirely unexampled in that age of pedantic and imitative oratory.

CICERO AGAINST MARCUS ANTONIUS.

1. We have been assembled at length, O conscript fathers, altogether later than the necessities of the republic required; but still we are assembled; a measure which I, indeed, have been every day demanding; inasmuch as I saw that a nefarious war against our altars and our hearths, against our lives and our fortunes, was, I will not say being prepared, but being actually waged by a profligate and desperate man. People are waiting for the first of January. But Antonius is not waiting for that day, he is now attempting with an army to invade the province of Decimus Brutus. And when he has procured reinforcements and equipments there, he threatens that he will come to this city. What is the use then of waiting, or of even a delay for the very shortest time? For although the first of January is at hand, still a short time is a long one for people who are not prepared. For a day, or I should rather say an hour, often brings great disasters, if no precautions are taken. My exhortations to rapid and instant action are prompted by a desire not merely for victory, but for speedy victory.

2. We have borne and endured many things which ought not to be endured in a free city: some of us out of a hope of recovering our freedom, some from

too great a fondness for life. But if we have submitted to these things, which necessity and a sort of force which may seem almost to have been put on us by destiny, have compelled us to endure; though, in point of fact, we have not endured them; are we also to bear with the most shameful and inhuman tyranny of this profligate robber? What will he do in his passion, if ever he has the power, who, when he is not able to show his anger against any one, has been the enemy of all good men? What will he not dare to do when victorious, who, without having gained any victory, has committed such crimes as these since the death of Cæsar? He has made everything subservient to his own acquisition of gain and plunder.

3. He is now leading his mutilated army into Gaul; with one legion, and that too wavering in its fidelity to him, he is waiting for his brother Lucius, as he can not find any one more nearly like himself than him. But now what slaughter is this man, who has thus become a general instead of a gladiator, making, wherever he sets his foot! He destroys stores, he slays the flocks and herds, and all the cattle, wherever he finds them; his soldiers revel in their spoils; and he himself, in order to imitate his brother, drowns himself in wine. Fields are laid waste; villas are plundered; matrons, virgins, well-born boys are carried off and given up to the soldiery; and Marcus Antonius has done exactly the same wherever he has led his army.

4. Will you open your gates to these most infamous brothers? Will you ever admit them into the city? Will you not rather, now that the opportunity is offered to you, now that you have generals ready, Cæsar for the city, Brutus for Gaul, and the minds of the soldiers eager for the service, all the Roman people unanimous, and all Italy excited with the desire to recover its liberty,— will you not, I say, avail yourself of the kindness of the immortal gods? You will never have an opportunity if you neglect this one. He will be hemmed in in the rear, in the front, and in flank, if he once enters Gaul. Nor must he be attacked by arms alone, but by our decrees also. Mighty is the authority, mighty is the name of the senate when all its members are inspired by one and the same resolution. Do you not see how the forum is crowded? how the Roman people is on tiptoe with the hope of recovering its liberty?

5. Now then that this opportunity is afforded to you, O conscript fathers, I entreat you in the name of the immortal gods, seize upon it; and recollect at last that you are the chief men of the most honorable council on the whole face of the earth. Give a token to the Roman people that your wisdom shall not fail the republic, since that too professes that its valor shall never desert it either. There is no need for my warning you: there is no one so foolish as not to perceive that if we go to sleep over this opportunity we shall have to endure a tyranny which will be not only

cruel and haughty, but also ignominious and flagitious. To be slaves to lustful, wanton, debauched, profligate, drunken gamblers, is the extremity of misery combined with the extremity of infamy.

6. There is nothing more detestable than disgrace; nothing more shameful than slavery. We have been born to glory and to liberty; let us either preserve them or die with dignity. Too long have we concealed what we have felt: now at length it is revealed: every one has plainly shown what are his feelings to both sides, and what are his inclinations. There are impious citizens, but in proportion to the multitude of well-affected ones, very few; and the immortal gods have given the republic an incredible opportunity and chance for destroying them. For, in addition to the defenses which we already have, there will soon be added consuls of consummate prudence, and virtue, and concord, who have already deliberated and pondered for many months on the freedom of the Roman people. With these men for our advisers and leaders, with the gods assisting us, with ourselves using all vigilance and taking great precautions for the future, and with the Roman people acting with unanimity, we shall indeed be free in a short time, and the recollection of our present slavery will make liberty sweeter.

KNOWLEDGE AND MORALS.

1. The diffusion of knowledge is not merely favorable to religion and morals, but, in the highest analysis, they cannot be separated from each other. In the great prototype of our feeble ideas of perfection, the wise and the good are so blended together, that the absence of one would enfeeble and impair the other. There can be no real knowledge of truth which does not tend to purify and elevate the affections. A little knowledge—much knowledge—may not, in individual cases, subdue the passions of a cold, corrupt, and selfish heart. But if knowledge will not do it, can it be done by the want of knowledge?

2. What is human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread; by ignorance, they are closed and palsied, and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendency. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and taste.

3. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day,

the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veils lifted up, as one after another he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power, and love; with lessons of truth the most exalted; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder; arguments of Providence; food for meditation; themes of praise.

4. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough, inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secrets of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them.

5. Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it

were, re-created by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down and learn at last to know the universe in which he lives, and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean — a drop of water. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, and sense these all but non-existent atoms, — O, then, let the divinest of the muses, let Astronomy approach, and take him by the hand.

6. Let her lead him to the mount of vision; let her turn her heaven-piercing tube to the sparkling vault: through that let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amidst myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disk of a noble planet,— the seven attendant worlds,— the wondrous rings,— a mighty system in itself, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour on its broad pathway through the heavens; and then let him reflect that our great solar system, of which Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills itself in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixed star; and that the power which filled the drop of water with millions of living beings, is present and active throughout this illimitable creation.

EDWARD EVERETT.

OTHELLO.

Act I. Scene III.

I.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.

II.

Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic, —
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal, —
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year, — the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

III.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, —such was the process:
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

IV.

This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd.

v.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful;
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.
Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd. —
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE.

DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

1. I think myself happy, king Agrippa, that I am to make my defence before thee this day touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially because thou art expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life then from my youth up, which was from the beginning among mine own nation, and at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; having knowledge of me from the first, if

they be willing to testify, how that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharasee.

2. And now I stand here to be judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night and day, hope to attain. And concerning this hope I am accused by the Jews, O king! Why is it judged incredible with you, if God doth raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And this I also did in Jerusalem; and I both shut up many of the saints in prisons, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my vote against them. And punishing them oftentimes in the synagogues, I strove to make them blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto foreign cities.

3. Whereupon as I journeyed to Damascus with the authority and commission of the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw on the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice saying unto me in the Hebrew language, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou

persecutest. But arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me, and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in me.

4. Wherefore, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but declared both to them of Damascus first, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the country of Judea, and also to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, doing works worthy of repentance. For this cause the Jews seized me in the temple, and assayed to kill me. Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come; how that the Christ must suffer, and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the people and to the Gentiles.

5. *Festus interrupting.* Paul, thou art mad; thy much learning doth turn thee to madness.

Paul. I am not mad, most excellent Festus; but speak forth words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, unto whom I also speak

freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things is hidden from him; for this hath not been done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.

Agrippa. With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian.

Paul. I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds. ST. PAUL.

INTERVENTION FOR CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

1. I am here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now. I went to Cuba firmly believing that the condition of affairs there had been greatly exaggerated by the press, and my own efforts were directed in the first instance to the attempted exposure of these supposed exaggerations. There has undoubtedly been much sensationalism in the journal-

ism of the time, but as to the condition of affairs in Cuba there has been no exaggeration, because exaggeration has been impossible.

2. Under the inhuman policy of Weyler not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenseless country people were driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of these cities and within the lines of intrenchment established a little way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of the people were old men, women, and children. They were thus placed in hopeless imprisonment, without shelter or food. There was no work for them in the cities to which they were driven. They were left there with nothing to depend upon except the scanty charity of the inhabitants of the cities and with slow starvation their inevitable fate.

3. The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for

alms as we went among them. Their only appeal came from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

4. The Government of Spain has not and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended and nursed and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets must go with the food. We asked the governor if he knew of any relief for these people except through the charity of the United States. He did not. We asked him, "When do you think the time will come that these people can be placed in a position of self-support?" He replied to us, with deep feeling, "Only the good God or the great Government of the United States can answer that question." I hope and believe that the good God by the great Government of the United States will answer that question.

5. I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me; I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever — and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all

the other nations of the earth combined. Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere.

6. I counseled silence and moderation from this floor when the passion of the nation seemed at white heat over the destruction of the *Maine;* but it seems to me the time for action has now come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene — the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere.

7. It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be? Some say the acknowledgment of the belligerency of the revolutionists. The hour and the opportunity for that have passed away. Others say, Let us by resolution or official proclamation recognize the independence of the Cubans. It is too late for even such recognition to

be of great avail. Others say, Annexation to the United States. God forbid! I would oppose annexation with my latest breath. The people of Cuba are not our people; they cannot assimilate with us; and beyond all that, I am utterly and unalterably opposed to any departure from the declared policy of the fathers, which would start this republic for the first time upon a career of conquest and dominion utterly at variance with the avowed purposes and the manifest destiny of popular government.

8. There is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, intervention for the independence of the island. Against the intervention of the United States in this holy cause there is but one voice of dissent; that voice is the voice of the money changers. They fear war! Not because of any Christian or ennobling sentiment against war and in favor of peace, but because they fear that a declaration of war, or the intervention which might result in war, would have a depressing effect upon the stock market. Let them go. They do not represent American sentiment; they do not represent American patriotism. Let them take their chances as they can. Their weal or woe is of but little importance to the liberty-loving people of the United States. They will not do the fighting; their blood will not flow; they will keep on dealing in options on human life. Let the men whose loyalty is to the dollar stand aside while the men whose loyalty is to the flag come to the front.

9. There are those who say that the affairs of Cuba are not the affairs of the United States, who insist that we can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulated, its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with us cut off, its people starved, degraded and enslaved. It may be the naked legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by. I have the legal right to pass along the street and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say, that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say, this is no affair of mine — it is not happening on my premises. But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and God knows, unfit to die. And yet I cannot protect the dog nor save the woman without the exercise of force.

10. We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow-men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of

wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

11. Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line of Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

JOHN M. THURSTON.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

1. This is an unaccustomed spectacle. For the first time, fellow-citizens, badges of mourning shroud the columns and overhang the arches of this hall. These walls, which were consecrated, so long ago, to the cause of American liberty, which witnessed her infant struggles, and rung with the shouts of her earliest victories, proclaim, now, that distinguished friends and champions of that great cause have fallen.

2. It is right that it should be thus. The tears which flow, and the honors that are paid, when the founders of the republic die, give hope that the republic itself may be immortal. It is fit that, by public assembly and solemn observance, by anthem and by eulogy, we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings, early given and long continued, through their agency, to our favored country.

3. Adams and Jefferson are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens, the aged, the middle-aged, and the young, by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, and others of its official representatives, the University, and the learned societies, to bear

our part in those manifestations of respect and gratitude which pervade the whole land. Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits.

4. If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives, if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honors and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives; how happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly terminated illustrious lives, and finished the career of earthly renown, by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished; the drama was ready to be closed. It has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen, at such age, with such coincidence, on such a day, that we can not rationally lament that that end has come, which we knew could not be long deferred.

5. Neither of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either

would have touched the chords of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself, and of the act of Independence, and were driven on, by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future.

6. Like the mariner, whom the currents of the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.

7. But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of Independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been Presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honored by their immediate agency in the act of Independence. It can not but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked for ever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is

not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care?

8. Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of Independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind.

9. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that

when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

10. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

11. No two men now live, fellow-citizens, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age, who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed on mankind their own sentiments in regard to politics and government, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep, it has sent them to the very center; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

12. We are not deceived. There is no delusion

here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it shall cease to be seen and felt, on either Continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honor in producing that momentous event.

13. We are not assembled, therefore, fellow-citizens, as men overwhelmed with calamity by the sudden disruption of the ties of friendship or affection, or as in despair for the republic by the untimely blighting of its hopes. Death has not surprised us by an unseasonable blow. We have, indeed, seen the tomb close, but it has closed only over mature years, over long-protracted public service, over the weakness of age, and over life itself only when the ends of living had been fulfilled.

14. These suns, as they rose slowly and steadily, amidst clouds and storms, in their ascendant, so they have not rushed from their meridian to sink suddenly in the west. Like the mildness, the serenity, the continuing benignity of a summer's day, they have gone down with slow-descending, grateful, long-lingering light; and now that they are beyond the visible margin of the world, good omens cheer us from "the bright track of their fiery car!"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN APPEAL TO THE HONOR OF ENGLISHMEN.

1. I appeal to the honour of England. It has been a matter of some surprise to me — and of pain much more than surprise — to see that in this controversy upon the side of our opponents, the honour of England is never mentioned. And now I make a plea to you for the honour of England, not for bloodshed, not for strife, but for the wiping away of those old and deep stains which are not yet obliterated, but which deface and deform the character of an illustrious nation in the face of the world, in regard to which condemnation has been recorded against you for generations past in every civilized country, and with which now at last at this late moment we are seeking effectually to deal.

2. But is there no honour except that which causes the sword to be drawn, in integrity, in justice, in humanity, in mercy, in equal rights, in purity, in horror of fraud and hatred of falsehood? Honour is the life and soul of civilization. It is to that honour which I appeal, and which now we wish to relieve from the burden and from the stains that encumber it.

Ah! when I opened this question in the House of Commons on the 8th of April I said very little about the Act of Union, for two reasons — first of all, because, looking at the facts, whatever that act may have been

in its beginning, I do not think that it could safely or wisely be blotted out of the Statute Book.

3. But there was another reason, I did not wish gratuitously to expose to the world the shame of my country. But this I must tell you, if we are compelled to go into it — your position against us, the resolute banding of the great, and the rich, and the noble, and I know not who against the true genuine sense of the people, compels us to unveil the truth; and I tell you this — that, so far as I can judge, and so far as my knowledge goes, I grieve to say in the presence of distinguished Irishmen that I know of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union. It is not possible to tell you fully, but in a few words I may give you some idea of what I mean.

4. Fraud is bad and, force — violence as against right — is bad; but if there is one thing more detestable than another it is the careful, artful combination of force and fraud applied in the basest manner to the attainment of an end which all Ireland detested, the Protestants even more than the Roman Catholics. In the Irish Parliament there were 300 seats, and out of these there were 116 placemen and pensioners. The Government of Mr. Pitt rewarded with places — which did not vacate the seat as they do in this country, if I remember aright — those who voted for them, and took away the pensions of those who were disposed to vote against them. Notwithstanding that state of things,

in 1799, in the month of June, the proposal of the Unionists was rejected in the Irish Parliament.

5. The Irish Parliament in 1795, under Lord Fitzwilliam, had been gallantly and patriotically exercised in amending the condition of the country. The monopolists of the Beresford and other families got the ear of Mr. Pitt, and made him recall Lord Fitzwilliam, and from that moment it was that the revolutionary action began among the Roman Catholics of Ireland. From that moment the word "separation," never dreamt of before, by degrees insinuated itself in their counsels. An uneasy state of things prevailed, undoubted disaffection was produced, and it could not but be produced by abominable misgovernment. So produced, it was the excuse for all which followed.

6. Inside the walls of Parliament, the terror of withdrawing pensions and wholesale bribery in the purchase of nomination boroughs were carried on to such an extent as to turn the scale. Outside Parliament, martial law and the severest restrictions prevented the people from expressing their views and sentiments on the Union. By the use of all those powers that this great and strong country could bring into exercise, through its command over the executive, against the weakness of Ireland, they succeeded in getting a majority of between forty-two and forty-six to pass the Union. Well, I have heard of more bloody proceedings. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was a more cruel proceeding, but a more base proceeding,

a more vile proceeding, is not recorded, in my judgment, upon the page of history than the process by which the Tory Government of that period brought about the Union with Ireland, in the teeth and despite the protest of every Liberal statesman from one end of the country to the other.

7. Gentlemen, how have we atoned since the Union for what we did to bring about the Union? Mind, I am making my appeal to the honour of Englishmen. I want to show to Englishmen who have a sense of honour that they have a debt of honour that remains to this hour not fully paid. The Union was followed by these six consequences — first, broken promises; secondly, the passing of bad laws; thirdly, the putting down of liberty; fourthly, the withholding from Ireland benefits that we took to ourselves; fifthly, the giving to force and to force only what we ought to have given to honour and justice; and, sixthly, the shameful postponement of relief to the most crying grievances.

8. I say it is time that we should bethink ourselves of this question of honour, and see how the matter stands, and set very seriously about the duty — the sacred duty, the indispensable and overpowering duty — of effacing from history, if efface them we can, these terrible stains which the Acts of England have left upon the fame of England, and which constitute the debt of honour to Ireland that it is high time to consider and to pay. I wish we could expand our minds and raise our views to a point necessary to understand what these controversies really are, how deep their

roots go down, what enormous results they produce upon the peace and happiness of mankind, and through what enormous periods of time they extend.

9. Many of you will recollect, in that spirited old ballad of "Chevy Chase": —

> "The child that is unborn shall rue
> The hunting of that day."

And so, should you fail in your duties on this occasion, should the idle and shallow pretexts that are used against us bewilder the minds of the people of England or of Scotland, or should the power of the purse of wealth or the title of station, of rank — should all these powers overbear the national sense, I fear it may again be true that the child that is unborn shall rue the voting of that day. I entreat you — you require it little — but I entreat through you the people of this country to bethink themselves well of the position in which they stand, to look back upon the history of the past, and forward in the prospects of the future, to determine that it shall be no longer said throughout the civilized world that Ireland is the Poland of England. Let us determine not to have a Poland any longer. We have had it long enough. Listen to prudence; listen to courage; listen to honour, and speak the words of the poet: —

> "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

Ring out the notes and the memory of discord; ring in the blessed reign and time of peace.

W. E. Gladstone.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE—FERVOR.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

1. From the earliest periods nations seem to have gone forth to war under some banner. Sometimes it has been merely the pennon of a leader, and was only a rallying signal. Later in the history of nations the banner acquired other uses and peculiar significance from the parties, the orders, the houses, or governments, that adopted it. At length, as consolidated governments drank up into themselves all these lesser independent authorities, banners became significant chiefly of national authority. And thus in our day every people has its peculiar flag. There is no civilized nation without its banner.

2. A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other

three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

3. This nation has a banner, too. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it are to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it are beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn. It means *Liberty.*

4. Is this a mere fancy? On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of American Independence was confirmed and promulgated. Already for more than a year the Colonies had been at war with the mother

country. But until this time there had been no American flag. The flag of the mother country covered us during all our colonial period; and each State that chose had a separate and significant State banner.

5. In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, and two years and more after the war began, upon the 14th of June, the Congress of Colonies, or the Confederated States, assembled, and ordained this glorious National Flag which now we hold and defend, and advanced it full high before God and all men, as the Flag of Liberty. It was no holiday flag, gorgeously emblazoned for gayety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the Colonial American Congress!

6. Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner. The Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Jays, the Franklins, the Hamiltons, the Jeffersons, the Adamses, — these men were all either officially connected with it or consulted concerning it. They were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions — for what? For the doctrines, and for the personal fact of liberty,— for the right of *all* men to liberty. They had just given forth to the world a Declaration of Facts and Faiths out of which sprung the Constitution, and on which they now planted this new-devised flag of our Union.

7. If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag,

I say to him, It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known,— the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

8. In solemn conclave our fathers had issued to the world that glorious manifesto, the Declaration of Independence. A little later, that the fundamental principles of liberty might have the best organization, they gave to this land our imperishable Constitution. Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty: not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty,— liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

9. This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its

insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

10. Our fathers were God-fearing men. Into their hands God committed this banner, and they have handed it down to us. And I thank God that it is still in the hands of men that fear him and love righteousness. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, *that it may be displayed.*" And displayed it shall be. Advanced full against the morning light, and borne with the growing and glowing day, it shall take the last ruddy beams of the night, and from the Atlantic wave, clear across with eagle flight to the Pacific, that banner shall float, meaning all the liberty which it has ever meant! From the North, where snows and mountain ice stand solitary, clear to the glowing tropics and the Gulf, that banner that has hitherto waved shall wave and wave forever,— every star, every band, every thread and fold significant of liberty! HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CICERO AGAINST CATILINE.

1. When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that

unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it?

2. Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his phrensied attacks. You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

3. I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic;

the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls — ay, and even in the senate — planning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic; many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

4. O ye immortal Gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here — here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword.

5. The safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long

as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. As often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state.

6. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained?

7. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank, who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you, than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

8. And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they

ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

BUNKER HILL ORATION.

1. This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground, distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations.

2. We do not read even of the discovery of this Continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most

touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts: extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

3. Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without interest.

4. But the great event in the history of the Continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are

brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion. Our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution.

5. We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

6. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been

produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought.

7. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong.

8. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit. DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE COMPLETION OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

1. A duty has been performed. A work of gratitude and patriotism is completed. This structure, having its foundations in soil which drank deep of early Revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies. The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purposes, it rises over the land and over the sea; and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present, and to all succeeding generations.

2. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion.

3. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to

flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around me. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light; it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

4. Its silent, but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

1. I find a preacher of the Gospel profaning the beautiful and prophetic ejaculation, commonly called *Nunc Dimittis*, made on the first presentation of our Saviour in the Temple, and applying it, with an inhuman and unnatural rapture, to the most horrid, atrocious, and afflicting spectacle that perhaps ever was exhibited to the pity and indignation of mankind. This *leading in triumph*, a thing in its best form unmanly and irreligious, which fills our preacher with such unhallowed transports, must shock, I believe, the moral taste of every well-born mind. It was a spectacle more resembling a procession of American savages, entering into Onondaga, after some of their murders, called victories, and leading into hovels hung round with scalps their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves, much more than it resembled the triumphal pomp of a civilized, martial nation.

2. This, was not the triumph of France. I must believe that, as a nation, it overwhelmed you with shame and horror. I must believe that the National Assembly find themselves in a state of the greatest humiliation in not being able to punish the authors of this triumph, or the actors in it; and that they are in a situation in which any inquiry they may make upon

the subject must be destitute even of the appearance of liberty or impartiality.

It is notorious that all their measures are decided before they are debated. It is beyond doubt, that, under the terror of the bayonet, and the lamp-post, and the torch to their houses, they are obliged to adopt all the crude and desperate measures suggested by clubs composed of a monstrous medley of all conditions, tongues, and nations. Among these are found persons, in comparison of whom Catiline would be thought scrupulous, and Cethegus a man of sobriety and moderation.

3. Who is there that admires, and from the heart is attached to, national representative assemblies, but must turn with horror and disgust from such a profane burlesque and abominable perversion of that sacred institute? Lovers of monarchy, lovers of republics, must alike abhor it. The members of your Assembly must themselves groan under the tyranny of which they have all the shame, none of the direction, and little of the profit. I am sure many of the members who compose even the majority of that body must feel as I do, notwithstanding the applauses of the Revolution Society. Miserable King! miserable Assembly! How must that Assembly be silently scandalized with those of their members who could call a day, which seemed to blot the sun out of heaven, *un beau jour!*

4. History will record that, on the morning of the

6th of October, 1789, the King and Queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite and troubled repose. From this sleep the Queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight; that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give; that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the Queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed, from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a King and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

5. This King, and this Queen, and their infant children, were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcasses. Two of the King's body guard had been selected, and these two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession; whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst horrid yells,

and shrilling screams, and frantic dances. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris, now converted into a bastile for kings.

6. Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars? To be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving? To be offered to the Divine Humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation? These Theban and Thracian orgies, acted in France, and applauded only in the Old Jewry, I assure you, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds but of very few people in this kingdom: although a saint and apostle, who may have revelations of his own, and who has completely vanquished all the mean superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a holy temple by a venerable sage, and not long before not worse announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds.

7. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,— glittering like the morning-star,

full of life, and splendor, and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

8. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

9. This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry, and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. It was this which, without confounding ranks,

had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

10. But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

11. When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was

completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions, is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume that, on the whole, their operation was beneficial. We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the cause by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion.

12. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence, even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all continued to know their indissoluble union, and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

EDMUND BURKE.

UPON THE QUESTION ARE NOT THE ASSEMBLY ENTITLED TO OPEN LETTERS WHICH MAY THROW LIGHT ON CONSPIRACY.

1. Is it the part of a people desirous of becoming free, to borrow their maxims and examples from tyranny? Is it proper for them to give a stab to morality, after having been so long the victims of those who violated it? Let those vulgar politicians, who exalt above justice what in their narrow conceptions they dare not to call *public utility;* let these politicians at least tell us what interest can palliate such a violation of national honor.

2. What shall we learn by the shameful inquisition of letters? Paltry and filthy intrigues, scandalous anecdotes, and contemptible frivolity. Is it imagined that plots are circulating by the post? Is it imagined that new politics of any importance pass through that channel? Is there any embassy of consequence, any negotiation of an extraordinary nature, that is not carried on in a direct correspondence, and which does not defy the paying of the postoffice?

3. Without any manner of use, then, should we violate the secrets of families, the intercourse of the absent, the intimacies of friendship, and the confidence between man and man? So criminal a procedure would not even have an excuse; and it would be said

of us throughout Europe, that in France, under pretence of public safety, they deprive the inhabitants of all right to letters which are the productions of the heart, and the treasure of confidence. This last refuge of Liberty has been violated even by those whom the nation deputed to secure its rights.

4. They have left a precedent by which the most secret communications of the soul, the merest chance conjecture of the mind, the emotions of anger often misplaced, errors often corrected the next moment, may be turned into depositions against third persons; by which the citizen, the friend, the son, the father, may thus become accusers of each other without knowing it; by which they may be the means of destruction to each other; for the National Assembly have declared that they will take as the grounds of their decisions, ambiguous and intercepted communications, which they cannot obtain except by a crime.

MIRABEAU.

AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

1. I arise, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail — cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language

of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

2. Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to give their support to measures forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now none so poor to do her reverence."

3. France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn the officious insult of French interference. This people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? This ruinous and ignominious situation, where we can not act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities,

and I know that the conquest of English America *is an* impossibility.

4. You can not, my Lords, *you can not* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never.

5. But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

6. His lordship* contended that, besides its *policy* and *necessity*, the measure was also allowable on *principle;* for that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and nature put into our hands!*" My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the Throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. They shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

7. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church — I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the

*In the course of this debate, Lord Suffolk, Secretary for the Northern Department, undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war.

unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character.

LORD CHATHAM.

FROM SAVONAROLA'S FIRST POLITICAL DISCOURSE.

1. O my people! thou knowest that I have always refrained from touching on the affairs of the State: thinkest thou that I would enter on them at this moment, did I not deem it necessary for the salvation of souls? Thou wouldst not believe me, but now thou hast seen how all my words have been fulfilled; that they are not uttered of my own will, but proceed from the Lord. Hearken ye unto him that desireth nought but your salvation.

2. Purify the spirit, give heed to the common good, forget private interests, and if ye reform the city to this intent, it will have greater glory than in all past times. In this wise, O people of Florence, shalt thou begin the reformation of all Italy, and spread thy wings over the earth to bear reform to all nations. Remember that the Lord hath given plain

tokens that it is His purpose to renew all things, and that thou art the people chosen to begin this great enterprise, provided thou dost follow the commands of Him who calleth and inviteth thee to return to the spiritual life.

3. Your reform must begin with spiritual things, for these are higher than material things, of which they are the rule and the life; and likewise all temporal good must be subordinate to the moral and religious good, from which it depends. If perchance ye have heard it said that States cannot be governed by Paternosters remember that this is the maxim of tyrants, of men hostile to God and to the common welfare, a rule for the oppression, not for the relief and liberation of the city. For if, on the contrary, ye desire a good government, ye must submit it to God. Certainly I would take no concern for a State that should not be subject to Him.

4. Hence, when ye shall have purified your hearts, rectified your aims, condemned gambling, sensuality and blasphemy, then set to work to frame your government, first making a rough draft of it, afterwards proceeding to details and amendments. And let your first draft or rather model and basis of government be conceived in such wise: *that no man may receive any benefit save by the will of the whole people*, who must have the sole right of creating magistrates and enacting laws.

AGAINST CENTRALIZATION.

1. The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America, is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the Federal government powers and privileges that should be left with the States, and to create powers that neither the State nor Federal government should have.

It is not strange that there should be a tendency to centralization in our government. This disposition was the legacy of the war. Steam and electricity have emphasized it by bringing the people closer together. The splendor of a central government dazzles the unthinking — its opulence tempts the poor and the avaricious — its strength assures the rich and the timid — its patronage incites the spoilsmen and its powers inflame the partisan.

2. Concurrent with this political drift is another movement, less formal, perhaps, but not less dangerous — the consolidation of capital. The world has not seen, nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are every-day tales to us. The seeds of a luxury that even now surpasses that of Rome or Corinth, and has only yet put forth its first flowers, are sown in this simple Republic. What shall the full fruitage be? The youngest nation, America, is vastly the richest, and in twenty years, in

spite of war, has nearly trebled her wealth. Millions are made on the turn of a trade, and the toppling mass grows and grows, while in its shadow starvation and despair stalk among the people, and swarm with increasing legions against the citadels of human life.

3. But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. When the agent of a dozen men, who have captured and control an article of prime necessity, meets the representatives of a million farmers from whom they have forced $3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the highwayman who halts the traveler at his pistol's point, and insolently gives them the measure of this year's rapacity, and tells them — men who live in the sweat of their brows, and stand between God and Nature — that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless, then the first fruits of this system are gathered and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use — with no standard but their arbitrary will, and no limit but their greed or daring — and then notify the sovereign people of this free Republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessaries of life — then the point of intolerable shame has been reached.

4. We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of

every passing craft, and descending as hawks from the crags, tore and robbed and plundered the voyagers until their greed was glutted, or the strength of their victims spent. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted, shall it be repeated in this free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tribute from the people, until from its surplus it could buy every castle on the Rhine — where is the difference — save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and the picturesque river to the teeming streets and the broad fields of this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"?

5. Let it be noted that the alliance between those who would centralize the government and the consolidated money power is not only close but essential. The one is the necessity of the other. Establish the money power and there is universal clamor for strong government. The weak will demand it for protection against the people restless under oppression — the patriotic for protection against the plutocracy that scourges and robs — the corrupt hoping to buy of one central body distant from local influences what they could not buy from the legislatures of the States sitting at their homes. Thus, hand in hand, will walk — as they have always walked — the federalist and the capitalist, the centralist and the monopolist — the strong government protecting the money power, and

the money power the political standing army of the government.

6. Against this tendency who shall protest? Those that believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interests and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the center — those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves and the government nothing that the States and the people can do — those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the States— those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government.

7. Those of you who note the farmer sending his sons to the city that they may escape the unequal burdens under which he has labored, thus diminishing the rural population whose leisure, integrity and deliberation have corrected the passion and impulse and corruption of the cities — who note that while the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer, we are lessening that great middle class that, ever since it met the returning crusaders in England with the demand that the hut of the humble should be as sacred as the castle of the great, has been the bulwark and glory of every English-speaking community — you

who know these things protest with all the earnestness of your souls against the policy and the methods that make them possible.

8. What is the remedy! To exalt the hearth-stone—to strengthen the home—to build up the individual — to magnify and defend the principle of local self-government. Not in deprecation of the Federal government, but to its glory — not to weaken the Republic, but to strengthen it — not to check the rich blood that flows to its heart, but to send it full and wholesome from healthy members rather than from withered and diseased extremities.

9. The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. The love of home — deep rooted and abiding — lodged in the heart of the citizen is the saving principle of our government.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof-tree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there — every sacrifice endured, and every victory won, should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

10. Let it be understood that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her

to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes — but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson wisely said, "Our whole history looks like the last effort by Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." And the Republic will endure. Centralism will be checked, and liberty saved — plutocracy overthrown and equality restored.

11. The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic — its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children — chief among the federation of English-speaking people — plenty streaming from its borders, and light from its mountain tops — working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are open, and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted — and the jargons of the nations stilled and the perplexities of Babel straightened — and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum-beats, and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and peace!

HENRY W. GRADY.

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